

# The Saturday Review

No. 2185, Vol. 84.

11 September, 1897.

Price 6d.

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## NOTES.

THE frontier incident in India is now passing into its second phase. The raids are practically over. The Government of India has assumed the offensive. One considerable expedition has been launched against the Momands, and another will shortly march into the Afridi country. The result of these expeditions will be watched, we may be sure, along the border with the closest interest ; and on their more or less early and complete success will probably depend the attitude of such of the tribes as lie around and outside the ring within which the combatants are engaged. If the Momands are at once crushed the Afridi resistance will possibly be half-hearted. But if from any cause there should be delay in bringing the Momands to book, the Afridis will gather heart. It is not improbable, too, that the Swātis and Bonerwals may come to the assistance of their neighbours the Momands. In that case Sir Bindon Blood will have his communications threatened and his left flank partially exposed, and we may expect some serious fighting. The strength, however, of the forces respectively under the orders of General Blood and General Elles is such as to make it probable that the Momands will not be able to offer any prolonged resistance or to hope for much effective support.

Meanwhile, we are once again receiving ridiculous assurances that some of the tribesmen are demanding to be received into the British Empire. It is only the other day that the same nonsense was talked about the Swātis. All such statements may be summarily brushed aside as the fictions of political officers desirous of regaining lost credit, or the assertions of military men seeking to justify their aggressive projects. Within the range of British rifles, or on the British line of march, villages may be found to protest an appetite for British rule. Here and there, too, intestine feuds may possibly throw a clan temporarily into the scale of the invader. But after our recent experience a man must be credulous to the verge of imbecility who puts faith in assurances such as we refer to, as evidencing anything more than that the village or clan concerned thinks it more prudent to kiss the feet of the conqueror than to prolong for the present a hopeless resistance. Let us at least eschew cant and humbug as to our presence being agreeable to our enemy or our protection solicited by them. That kind of misleading assurance has been and will yet be wiped out in too much blood to be credited in this country.

It is not on the frontier only that difficulties are gathering round the Indian Government. The extraordinary spectacle of that Government buying bills on India must arrest the most careless attention. Its cash balances are evidently depleted, and it is com-

pelled to compete in the market with the commercial and general demand. The present is the dead season, on the whole, in India, commercially speaking, and the momentary mischief and disturbance caused by the appearance of the Secretary of State as a purchaser of bills is less than would have been the case at a later season of the year. But the effects of the present withdrawals of rupees from the available supply in the market, to meet the Secretary of State's needs, will be more fully felt two or three months hence when the season for purchase of country produce is in full swing again. We shall probably see it in the rates of discount at Calcutta and Bombay. For some months past there have been complaints in Indian commercial centres of the great scarcity of the rupee. Since 1893 not a rupee, we believe, has been coined ; and there is more than one symptom to show that the currency is becoming seriously contracted. It is a matter which requires, and is no doubt receiving, the most close attention of the Government of India and of the Secretary of State's Council.

It is difficult to know what it is exactly that Germany wants in the peace negotiations. Lord Salisbury has already assented to the German demand for international control of the Greek finances, not only with respect to the new indemnity loan, but also with respect to the old debt. This being so, it is difficult to attribute Germany's further opposition to the conclusion of the negotiations to anything but a foolish desire to make herself as disagreeable as possible to England. The Greek Government having specified the revenues to be assigned to the service of the indemnity loan, there is no reason whatever why the Powers should not accept Lord Salisbury's stipulation that Thessaly shall be evacuated within a month after the signature of the preliminaries. On Tuesday last an agreement was arrived at by the Ambassadors on practically every point at issue ; but when they met again on Thursday, Germany found the means to raise fresh obstacles. The Sultan will not be grateful to his friend the Emperor William for delaying the conclusion of the negotiations, for Abdul Hamid's principal anxiety at the present moment is to touch a portion at least of the indemnity.

The Greeks appear to have resigned themselves to the horrid thought of an international control of their finances. It has been a bitter pill for the members of the Chamber to swallow ; but there is little doubt that the nation will benefit very considerably by an external supervision over its busy tax collectors and tax expenders, though the deputies may be the poorer. Certainly it will be better for Greece that the supervision should be exercised by representatives of the Six Powers rather than by representatives of the Bondholders.

It would be futile to deny that the German autumn manoeuvres this year are more ambitious—let us say more important—from a strategic point of view than they have ever been before. The object of the "sham" campaign is, on the one hand, the invasion of Bavaria on its north-western frontier by the Eighth and Eleventh Prussian Army Corps; on the other hand, the repulse of the invaders by the First and Second Bavarian Army Corps. There is, therefore, an aggregate of 130,000 troops in the field, a number never previously approached by the Germans, and only once exceeded by the Russians in their autumn operations in Volhynia seven years ago. Many among the best-informed are inclined to look upon this great display of armed forces as a counterblast to the hysterical shrieking of the French in honour of their newly formed alliance. The assumption derives a considerable semblance of truth from the fact—which may, after all, be a mere coincidence—that the general commanding the attacking army, Count von Haeseler, is, by the almost unanimous consensus of opinion of those most competent to judge, regarded as "the Moltke of the next war," provided he live long enough. Moltke was a septuagenarian when he led the German hosts to victory in 1870, and lived to be a nonagenarian. Haeseler seems to be made of similar stuff; and if Lady Glenesk is right that frugal living and absence from all excitement is the secret of longevity, "dear Graf von Haeseler," as Wilhelm calls him, stands a better chance than any man we know of, for he is almost a total abstainer; he feeds like an anchorite, indulges in no mental recreations, and is not only a confirmed misogamist, but also an invincible misogynist.

We pointed out last week the improbability of Russia having put her seal to a treaty involving her co-operation in the revival of the *revanche* idea. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle" practically confirms our strong surmise to this effect, and adds that "the knowledge of this fact is causing considerable dissatisfaction among those parties who have set their minds on the reconquest of Alsace and Lorraine." On the other hand, the Paris correspondent of the same journal states, "on the highest authority," that "the Tsar and M. Félix Faure, after taking the sacredness of Belgium and the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg as the keynote, did actually discuss certain future possibilities of adjustment affecting Alsace and Lorraine." We fail to understand the meaning of the latter communication, unless it implies a revival of the scheme broached by some would-be remodellers of the map of Europe a decade ago. The project, in brief, was the creation of a group of federated States, of course including Alsace-Lorraine, to constitute a buffer between France and Germany. Neither the informant of the correspondent nor the correspondent himself can be acquainted with the contents of Dr. Moritz Busch's "Bismarck in the Franco-German War," or the first would not have uttered such nonsense and the second would not have transmitted it. Before that struggle was in its second week, the intention of annexing Alsace-Lorraine in the event of victory was plainly foreshadowed by the Chancellor. He was already then echoing the sentiments of Germany on the subject. As time went on, his determination gained strength. If proof of this were wanted, it would be forthcoming in the conversation between Bismarck and Moltke on the one side, and Generals Reille and Wimpffen on the other, about 11 P.M. on 1 September 1870, i.e. after the battle of Sedan.

Bismarck's ill-natured remarks about President Faure giving the military salute while wearing a *very* civilian top hat has set the French thinking once more on the subject of an official costume for the chief magistrate of France. Of course the dress, in its essence, must be civilian lest it should give offence to the military, who resented the donning of a uniform by Prince-President Louis-Napoleon, although it was only the uniform of a general officer of the National Guard, which, in a slightly modified form was on the backs of numberless grocers, bootmakers and drapers. Thiers, though a civilian, was most concerned, for, aiming at the presidential succession of Hortense's son as he did, he fore-

saw that he would cut a ridiculous figure in military garb, and he therefore recommended a kind of Court dress. To adopt the latter suggestion would be practically jumping from the frying-pan into the fire, for anything reminiscent of the old régime or even of the First or Second Empire would set the extreme party shrieking.

The Royal visit to Ireland is at an end, and on the whole it may be said to have been more remarkable for what the Duke and Duchess of York did not see and do rather than the reverse. However, it has, perhaps, done a little, if the amount is only infinitesimal, towards cementing that union of hearts we used to hear about, and if it paves the way for the establishment of a Royal residence in Ireland it will have a much more important influence. But now that the visit is concluded may it not be suggested that the Duke and Duchess should go a little further afield and pay a visit to some of the Colonies? Now that Imperial Federation is so much in the air it would not only be an admirable opportunity for stimulating the loyalty of our dependencies, but it would be a valuable education for the Duke, who in the ordinary course of things will one day become the head of the Empire.

The Trades-Union Congress met at Birmingham on Monday and concludes its sittings to-day. It was a dull and orderly gathering. The chief features were a declaration in the speech of the President in favour of a great Federation of Labour that should pool its funds for fighting purposes; a resolution of sympathy and support for the Amalgamated Engineers in their struggle for an eight-hours day; the passing of a resolution by a majority in favour of a legal eight-hours day for everybody; and the adoption of a long series of suggestions for legislation as expansive as the Newcastle Programme of blessed memory, as doubtfully wise in many of its items, and destined probably to be as futile. The Workmen's Compensation Act was received in a critical spirit. There was the usual talk about the Fair Wages resolution, the Truck Act of 1896 was condemned, and a closer alliance advocated between Co-operation and Trades-Unionism. The wild and whirling propositions as to the universal nationalization of things were absent, and turned up only in the speeches of the more pronounced Socialists. One immediate effect of the Congress may be the strengthening of the hands of the Amalgamated Engineers.

The tone of Mr. Rhodes's more recent utterances is an earnest that he has resolutely put behind him the Raid and all that it implied, and is setting himself to carry out the great work which he is, after all, so well qualified to accomplish. He has told the people of Salisbury that his public life is now only just beginning, and that he will be found on the side of the party of progress, which includes the Dutch as well as the English in South Africa. This is as it should be. Of Mr. Rhodes's supreme abilities there has never been the slightest doubt, and if any one can make a success of Rhodesia he is the man. His own troubles, he told the Rhodesians, were nothing as compared with those they had endured, and he prophesied that one day they would make Rhodesia one of the leading States of South Africa. If he has prophesied aright he will have cheered the hearts, not only of the Rhodesians, but of the Chartered shareholders as well.

The news from Uganda is disappointing, and Bishop Tucker's unqualified approval of the British administration of the country would alone rouse our suspicions. As every one who has followed Uganda history knows, the difficulties there have been due to the bitter feud between the Catholic and Protestant factions. Lugard tried to deal impartially with both sides, and was disliked by both in consequence. When, therefore, Bishop Tucker tells us that he has now "entire confidence in those administering the affairs of the Protectorate," it is not surprising that the Catholic faction is dissatisfied. The King's flight to the Catholic province of Buddu is significant.

Confidence in the present Uganda staff is also not increased by the apparently late date at which the Foreign

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Office learnt of the arrival of a French expedition on the right bank of the Nile. We heard of it months ago and inspired a question on the subject in Parliament; but Mr. George Curzon then knew nothing. Some people apparently think that the Marquis de Bonchamps' arrival on the Nile does not matter, as the French will abandon both the Bahr-el-Ghazl and Fashoda as soon as they are reminded that they have already been warned to regard the territories as Egyptian and within the British sphere of influence. But in Africa possession is ten-tenths of the law. "It has now been admitted in principle by all the parties to the Act of Berlin that a claim of sovereignty in Africa can only be maintained by real occupation of the territory claimed," wrote the British Government to the Portuguese. It is only by the right of one Power to seize territory abandoned by another that England holds some of the most coveted territory in Africa. And, as the Bahr-el-Ghazl and Fashoda are derelict as far as Egypt is concerned, any one may take them who can.

The Nile campaign is proceeding apace, and the occupation of Berber by the "friendlies" is a notable step in advance. It renders easy an attack upon Omdurman, which, we may suppose, will be made as soon as the Egyptian forces are gathered together in sufficient strength. At the time of writing, details of the evacuation of Berber are wanting; but the fact that the dervishes have retired before a body of Arabs whom they have in the past dominated seems to imply a recognition by the Khalifa of the impossibility of holding the outlying posts of the country he has called his own.

It was certainly not the politician who spoke in Lord Rosebery's person to the assembled cattle-dealers at Dalmeny on Tuesday. What politician would ever in public have ventured on the irreverent gibe at the great political panacea, a Royal Commission? In his lifetime he had observed, he said, that agriculture had always been subject to two permanent conditions—depression and a Royal Commission. The only difference between the two was that they knew the results of depression, but that they had never seen any results of a Royal Commission. Even amongst cattle-dealers Lord Rosebery cannot conceal his wit. Then, as if to point the moral, on Wednesday, Mr. Walter Long, M.P., solemnly rebuked him for speaking slightly of Royal Commissions, and for forgetting that he was a member of the Government which appointed the Agricultural Commission. And Mr. Long is not a Scotchman!

An announcement was made to the British Association at Liverpool last September on behalf of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, that he purposed sending two ships this year to the Arctic Regions, and "to keep an expedition in the Arctic Regions until a complete map could be made of all accessible parts of the as yet undiscovered North Polar world." We are afraid that the disappointing results of Mr. Harmsworth's expedition to Franz Josef Land are not likely to encourage him to continue the work. That expedition is said to have cost £40,000, and, with the exception, perhaps, of three years' record of temperature, rainfall, and atmospheric pressure, the results are not important. Parts of the Franz Josef Land Archipelago have been mapped in detail, and additional collections have been made. But when we compare it with Nansen's less expensive expedition, and remember that the Geographical Society is prepared to place a thoroughly competent scientific staff of trained observers in the Antarctic regions for £50,000, it is impossible to regret that Mr. Harmsworth has not got more for his money. As Mr. Jackson, the commander of the Franz Josef Land Expedition, tells us that his next Arctic journey will be undertaken solely on his own account, we infer that he will spend Mr. Harmsworth's money no more.

The correspondence in the "Times" on Herr Andrée's pigeons has called attention to a remarkable illustration of the unscientific blunders which scientific men often make when dealing with subjects off their own immediate line of work. Andrée is unquestionably an able mechanical engineer. His record as a Swedish

patent official alone proves that. The contrivances on his balloon were perfect; the weight and strength of every substance used was known, so that there was no waste of material. Nevertheless Andrée burdened his balloon with a number of pigeons and a quantity of pigeon food, apparently in the innocent belief that any well-behaved pigeon would fly straight home from any of the remotest corners of the earth. As Mr. Tegetmeier, one of the best experts on the subject, remarked in a letter to the "Times," this shows complete ignorance of the ways of pigeons and of the laborious processes by which the birds are trained to make long-distance flights. If Andrée had not been a better mechanic than naturalist his balloon would never have left Spitbergen.

Some little time ago the Committee appointed to consider the question of the housing of the South Kensington treasures issued a special report in which they pointed out the extreme danger of destruction by fire in the present buildings, and urged the necessity of immediate steps for the preservation of the collection pending the provision of a reasonably safe home for it. The recommendation was thought at the time to be alarmist in its nature, but the fire this week seems to us to show that the danger was not in the least degree exaggerated. Luckily the outbreak was suppressed before it had time to spread beyond one room, but if discovered a little later it might have involved the destruction of the whole range of buildings and the consequent loss of treasures that could not possibly have been replaced. We understand that the authorities, in their dilatory way, have the matter under their august consideration; but they need some stirring up.

There is a point arising out of the recent promotion to the diocesan Bench of two suffragan or assistant bishops to which, so far as we are aware, attention has not yet been called. A suffragan is nominated by the bishop of the diocese in which he is to work, who sends two names, for the selection of one by the Crown. It is very seldom that the second name is chosen. Three suffragans in all have now been advanced to the respective sees of Wakefield, Bristol, and Wakefield again. This means that the diocesan prelates have obtained a voice in the selection of members of their own body. There is no doubt that, at an earlier period of ecclesiastical history, some such practice of election or co-optation was not uncommon. But the question is whether the system is in accordance with the constitution of the Reformed Church of England. This particular consequence was certainly not foreseen when the institution of suffragans was revived; and for our own part we regard with apprehension anything which tends to increase the personal power of a bishop, already too great for the best interests of the Church.

The coming School Board election in London will be fought on lines somewhat different from the last. It looks very much as if there would be a split in the "Moderate" camp. Mr. Diggle—as we always expected he would—has drawn away from Mr. Riley, and in consequence he and his henchmen will not receive the support of the uncompromising religious education or Church section. We should not be surprised to see the latter running candidates of their own, apart from Mr. Diggle. If so, the Progressives have a fine opportunity before them; but if report speaks true, they, too, are not an altogether united family.

The Bishop of Durham's letter to his clergy on "Social Service at Home," is really an important manifesto of Christian Socialism, and will repay the careful study of Christians and non-Christians alike. Dr. Walcott, more than any other living divine, represents the thought and teaching of Frederick Denison Maurice.

The bye-election in East Denbighshire promises to be an affair of lively local interest. The candidates selected are both Welshmen, both well known among their neighbours, and the Tory champion at least appears to be a humorist. Mr. Kenyon, who has been chosen by the Conservatives, has already sat in

Parliament, and Mr. Moss, who fights for the Liberals, is a lawyer who has held some considerable official appointments. He is enthusiastic almost to hysteria, and declares that the duty of his followers is not only to defeat his opponent but to deal a death-blow at Toryism itself! The Liberal majority on the last occasion was 1,800. Mr. Kenyon's supporters argue that 1,500 of these went to Sir George Osborne Morgan as a man and a personal favourite, and not because of his Liberalism. This leaves only 300 for Mr. Kenyon to pull down. Whatever may be thought of these calculations, we may assume that the Liberal majority will decline. The chief difference between the candidates appears to be that the one will vote for Dis-establishment and the other against it. The rest will be competition as to who will promise most.

The bane of Italian politics seems to be a want of resolution on the part of the Government. Except, perhaps, during the administration of Signor Crispi, energetic action is the one thing that does not result from Cabinet Councils in the Palazzo Braschi. For instance, it can hardly be doubted that it was wise and patriotic of the Marquis di Rudini to resolve to get rid of the African incubus—for such the Erythrea colony had come to be regarded by the country at large. But when the moment came for acting, the Premier, having his doubts about success, carefully explained that his previous ministerial declarations on the point represented merely a tendency or a desire. Once more within these last days it became known that the Cabinet had decided on coming to important conclusions regarding the African colony. General attention was aroused, whilst meeting after meeting of the Ministers was being held, and it was expected that something important would be forthcoming when the Premier returned from Monza after submitting the Cabinet projects to the King. But in the meantime it leaked out that there was a question of ceding Erythrea to a minor European State, and this was taken up as a weapon by the Opposition Press. The Marquis di Rudini is generally credited with an inordinate desire to remain in office, and in this instance he bore out his reputation, for on returning from Monza and seeing the little hubbub that was being raised in the Crispian newspapers, he once more deemed it inopportune to avow his intentions.

Another matter in which the opportunist policy of King Humbert's Government appears to some disadvantage is in its relations with France. There can be no doubt that the present Ministry is radically Gallophil, and that the Marquis di Rudini has his heart bent on signing a treaty of commerce with the French Government. But on the other hand there is the Triple Alliance, and the exigencies of the Court of Potsdam must be attended to as well as the susceptibilities of the Palais Bourbon. Thus it happens that, just as the merchants of Northern Italy were beginning at last to feel joyous in the prospect of having a new market for their wines and oils, they learnt that King Humbert had accepted the Kaiser's invitation to be present at the Autumn Manœuvres in the neighbourhood of Frankfort, and they realized that all hope of a treaty of commerce must be abandoned for yet another season. This way of doing business does not win public confidence for the Marquis di Rudini.

Mr. Justice Cave is dead, and we have no desire to add anything to the words of the "Times" in its obituary notice of the deceased judge: "Had Mr. Justice Cave died or resigned some years ago the almost universal verdict would have been that few more efficient and capable judges had sat on the Bench in recent years. . . . It would be flattery to say that the last years of his judicial career were as distinguished as the first. . . . The judicial day, short though it is, of late times seemed often too long for him. He was more alert in the morning than in the afternoon." If this can be said by the "Times" of a judge who sat upon the Bench until not many weeks ago, what words should the plain man use to describe him? And how many other judges are there still sitting on the Bench to whom the same words might fitly be applied?

## ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

THE Old Wise Man of Europe has spoken. And there should fall on England the silence of reflection and preparation. "The chief topic of conversation between the Emperor and the Tsar," said Prince Bismarck, as quoted by the "Times," "must have turned on the subject of England." The old statesman has watched the growth of the grafts he planted on the Prussian stock, and knows that the principalities and provinces of the German Empire are united into a vigorous and organic whole. He knows that Russia, shapeless and vast, an incompressible but docile fluid, may be quietly held off the flanks of Germany, to creep slowly and irrepressibly through the Balkans to the sea. There, in a corner remote from German interests, it may meet the enemies of Germany with explosive violence. And France? Does he not remember how, when the difficulty France appeared to have in accepting the *fait accompli* of the integrality of the German Empire inspired in him a "prudent mistrust," he said to Ferry: "Seek some compensation. Found colonies. Take outside of Europe whatever you like; you can have it." And Ferry, without my ever having sought to create for him the slightest embarrassment—quite the contrary—obtained Tunis," and, he might have added, Tonkin? France busy with her Tunis and her Tonkin, Russia quietly pushed to the east and the south, and there was left for Germany the simple task of sitting peacefully on her bulging coffers, while her merchants captured the trade of England and her diplomatist guided the diplomatists of England into perpetual bickerings with other countries.

Prince Bismarck has long recognised what at length the people of England are beginning to understand—that in Europe there are two great, irreconcilable, opposing forces, two great nations who would make the whole world their province, and who would levy from it the tribute of commerce. England, with her long history of successful aggression, with her marvellous conviction that in pursuing her own interests she is spreading light among nations dwelling in darkness, and Germany, bone of the same bone, blood of the same blood, with a lesser will-force, but, perhaps, with a keener intelligence, compete in every corner of the globe. In the Transvaal, at the Cape, in Central Africa, in India and the East, in the islands of the Southern sea, and in the far North-West, wherever—and where has it not?—the flag has followed the Bible and trade has followed the flag, there the German bagman is struggling with the English pedlar. Is there a mine to exploit, a railway to build, a native to convert from breadfruit to tinned meat, from temperance to trade gin, the German and the Englishman are struggling to be first. A million petty disputes build up the greatest cause of war the world has ever seen. If Germany were extinguished to-morrow, the day after to-morrow there is not an Englishman in the world who would not be the richer. Nations have fought for years over a city or a right of succession; must they not fight for two hundred million pounds of commerce?

There is something pathetic in the fashion in which the aged statesman sees at once the swift approach of the catastrophe he was the first to anticipate, and the crumbling away of the preparations he had made against its event. Take first the approach of the event. Ten years ago, except to the Prince himself, and perhaps to one or two watchful Englishmen, the idea of a war between the two great Protestant Powers, so alike in temperament and genius, would have seemed impossible. Three years ago, when the "Saturday Review" began to write against the traditional pro-German policy of England, its point of view made it isolated among leading organs of opinion. When, in February 1895, one of our writers, discussing the European situation, declared Germany the first and immediate enemy of England, the opinion passed as an individual eccentricity. A month later the German flag was hissed at a London music-hall, and when on a Saturday night in April an evening paper sent out its newsboys crying "War with Germany!" the traffic of Edgware Road stopped to shout. The outrageous follies of William the Witless, the German schemes in the Transvaal, the German breaches of international



law in Central Africa, what Bismarck calls the "undue nagging of the English" in all diplomatic relations, the notorious set of German policy in the council of Ambassadors at Constantinople, and above all the fashion in which England has been made to learn the real extent of German commercial rivalry, have all done their work: and now England and Germany alike realize the imminent probability of war. What Bismarck realized, and what we too may soon come to see, is that not only is there the most real conflict of interests between England and Germany, but that England is the only Great Power who could fight Germany without tremendous risk and without doubt of the issue. Her partners in the Triple Alliance would be useless against England: Austria, because she could do nothing; Italy, because she dare not lay herself open to attack by France. The growth of Germany's fleet has done no more than to make the blow of England fall on her more heavily. A few days and the ships would be at the bottom or in convoy to English ports; Hamburg and Bremen, the Kiel Canal and the Baltic ports would lie under the guns of England, waiting, until the indemnity were settled. Our work over, we need not even be at the pains to alter Bismarck's words to Ferry, and to say to France and Russia "Seek some compensation. Take inside Germany whatever you like: you can have it."

Against the approach of such a disaster to Germany and such a sure triumph for England, Bismarck sees no hope in the negotiations between France and Russia. "I fear all these efforts have been made quite in vain. A serious active working *entente*, with a very definite programme and a great deal of penetrating insight and tenacity, would be required to reach a result capable of moderating English pretensions. I am perfectly sure that Germany will not compass it." And again, "Certainly, it would be a very good time to recover the Suez Canal and Egypt from the English. But I do not believe that in France there is any passionate interest in this question. They are right there, perhaps, to wait for us Germans to become still more deeply involved in our foreign policy. For at present we have neither leadership nor principles, in fact nothing, nothing whatever. It is a case of general groping and waste of the stores of influence which I had accumulated." It was inevitable that England should have been the subject of discussion between the President and the Emperor: but, even under circumstances most favourable to Germany—that is to say, were Bismarck himself pulling the strings of Europe, there could have been only an attempt to moderate the pretensions of England. To this pass has the muddling of the German Emperor brought Germany, and at a time when England has awakened to what is alike inevitable and her best hope of prosperity.

#### THE POLITICIAN AND THE TRADES-UNION CONGRESS.

WITHOUT losing ourselves in a too minute and peddling criticism, the temptation to which is lessened by the fact that the proceedings of the Trades-Union Congress are still in progress while we write, there is one general aspect which invites discussion. Circumstances this year have brought more to the front than usual the purely trades-union side of the workmen's movement. But the current of opinion within the Congress still sets strongly in favour of increased help or greater restraint directly from and by the State. Apart from the resolution of sympathy with the engineers, the chief declarations of the Congress take the form of demands for more legislation, or increased efficiency in State departments dealing with Labour, or reforms in the laws that have been already passed. The Congress recognises to the full the double means by which further social amelioration is to be won—the action of the Unions and the agency of Parliament. For a number of years faith in Parliament has been predominant in its proceedings, a striking contrast to the distrust and disregard of political methods which characterized the earlier efforts of workmen. This year an idea has come to the front that the employers are determined to strike a blow at the strength of the Unions, if not at the principle of

combination, and hence we have had a revival of the healthier spirit of self-help which has distinguished the British workman above the workmen of all other nations. Nevertheless, the politician on the outlook for a cue will find much for reflection in the political resolutions. The Parliamentary adventurer has for a good while now found the Trades-Union Congress a happy hunting-ground. At a time when the moralist has ceased to have faith in moral suasion and is ever appealing for force to carry out his views, when the Temperance reformer has abandoned his operations upon the individual drunkard and commenced upon the Statesman, when the parent importunes the State to teach his child religion, and the priest with a light heart taxes his neighbour in the interests of doctrines which his neighbour abhors, it is not surprising that some workmen should desire to make their Unions a department of Government and to run the Legislature in the interests of their class. There is no such excuse for the political tide-waiter, who simply exploits the wretchedness which he pretends to be ready to cure, and hastens to accept for his own purposes crudities in legislation which are put forward in good faith, however mistakenly, by men who feel the pinch and are honestly desirous of lightening the burdens of the poor. The attitude of the politician towards the Congress is a chapter in itself, a mirror of character, a reflection of our times.

When the Congress was first established it was deemed the right thing to sneer at its existence and ridicule its resolutions. After the extension of the franchise had shown men and politicians that the workmen had become a prime factor in political affairs, the tone changed. The Congress soon became as much over-rated as it had been under-rated. Its decisions were regarded as if they had been a series of new revelations from heaven. No Pope ever had his decrees more respected among his followers than were the resolutions of the Trades-Union Congress among the newspapers which angled for popularity and the politicians who had the intention of becoming candidates for Parliament. The men who had been deemed unworthy of serious consideration became oracles, fitted to give the law to nations and mould the policy of parliaments. Their discussions, which had been treated as the outcome of untrained and ill-informed minds, suddenly became the chief study of Cabinet Ministers and the inspiration of party wire-pullers. Trades Unionism, which had been a reproach, now became a mark of honour and a proof of wisdom. All sorts of adventurers flocked round the new standard. Party programmes were elaborated in order to anticipate the half-formed wishes of the worker. Candidates with supple backs and flexible convictions vied with each other in promising adhesion to the new faith. One member of Parliament—whose firm has made an important experiment in connexion with the eight hours day—actually proposed that Trades Unions should become the law-givers of industry. Whatever a Union agreed upon was to become law, and thus the question of Parliamentary interference was to be solved.

The Congress itself, conscious of its importance, became bold and aggressive. It left the commonplace field of industrial and labour questions proper, and entered the arena of high politics. It preached a Social Revolution: Socialistic ideas became paramount in its counsels: Parliament was invited to undertake the management and the control of industry. And the more aggressively political the Congress became, the more slavish grew the attitude of the politician before it. All this was too ridiculous to be tolerated for long in a country remarkable for its common sense. Men with some independence of mind, many of them among the workmen themselves, began to inquire whether the current propositions with regard to industry could be defended on their merits, and whether what the Trades-Union Congress and other similar bodies said was really what the workmen as a body were thinking. One outcome was the resolution passed at the Cardiff meeting that no one should vote at the Congress except he worked at his trade, or was directly connected with it, that the members of Trade Councils should not be eligible, and that the voting should be in proportion to the numbers represented. Thus the Congress was purged of extraneous

influences. Mr. Keir Hardie now watches the debates from the gallery. The result has been a perceptible change in its policy; although most of the old dogmas continue to be pronounced, a more practical and orderly spirit has supervened. Enough has taken place to show that the alert politician who had trimmed his sails to the gentle breezes of opposition to alien immigration or the howling winds of nationalization may, in the picturesque language of Kipling, have to "set his board and tack again"!

That the proceedings of the Congress afford an important index to opinion among organized workmen it is impossible to deny. That due heed ought to be given to them by all who wish to understand the currents that run in the minds of a most important class is assumed. But that they should be held up as an infallible guide to statesmen, or that it should be deemed blasphemy to criticize them, we must emphatically deny. We had our tyranny of priestcraft and kingcraft, and we conquered both. We need not set up a new tyranny and a new superstition on the ruins. We have long solaced ourselves by an excessive and unreasonable worship of the rich; we shall not restore the balance by prostrating ourselves before the poor. Manual labour is honourable though it be toilsome, but in itself it is no more a guarantee of infallibility than a big balance in a bank-book is a proof of wisdom. It seems necessary to say this not alone in view of the attitude of the politician towards what he calls "Labour," but in consideration of the bated breath and whispering humbleness with which the daily journalist of a familiar type approaches his task. The time has gone by, if it was ever really here, when workmen could rightly be treated either as children or as conspirators against the public interest. It may be set down as true that they are neither more selfish nor more ignorant than other classes, and that they know their own business just as well as the average outsider does. They ought to have just the same assistance from fair and candid criticism in and beyond their own ranks as Parliament has, or any other body of large influence and strong and often vague aspirations.

And this brings us to the second chief characteristic of this present Congress. One friendly correspondent describes it as the "Congress of the great Lock-out," and the resolution of sympathy with the engineers is spoken of as gaining importance by the fact that the struggle in that trade is not merely for shorter hours, but for "the right of combination." This is the sort of language which prevailed in the days of the old theology. If you did not believe every one of the Thirty-nine Articles and embrace every comma of the "Confession of Faith," or if you dared to criticize a priest, or express your hostile opinion of a minister, you were not only damned particularly for your heresy on these special counts, but generally and at large for being an enemy of religion. We seem to be suffering from a repetition of history. An employer, by all appearance, cannot now resist the demands of a Trade-Union without being charged with the determination to strike at "the right of combination." We had better clear our minds of this sort of cant before the air becomes too dense with it. The right of combination by workmen is no more threatened than is the right of combination by employers. The Unions are standing armies struggling with each other for supremacy, and there is as little thought on one side or the other of destroying the possibility of their creation as two nations in arms would have of compelling each other to abolish conscription or to use flint-lock muskets.

#### IRELAND'S REGENERATION.

THE lack of recognition which Ireland's "peaceful revolution" (to adopt Mr. Horace Plunkett's phrase) receives at the hands of our public caterers of news and politics almost drives the most enthusiastic reformer into pessimism. When the Home Rule squabble was in progress every journal in the three kingdoms was loaded down with the subject, till one sickened at its mention. There is now in progress in Ireland a movement of such transcendent importance to that country's social salvation that Home Rule sinks into insignificance by comparison. Yet the journals

which, with one accord, screeched themselves hoarse over the one, have nothing to say, know nothing, of the other. A little band of men, whose names should be written in letters of gold in Ireland's annals, who have proved themselves to be patriots and philanthropists in the best sense of those words, and who represent no party or creed—or rather represent them all—are the authors of the work. The Committee list of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, Limited, shows the catholicity of the movement and the power of the best among the Irishmen to shake off the shackles of faction. The President is Mr. Horace Plunkett, and to his untiring exertions the inception and carrying on of the Society is very largely due. Scarcely less praise, however, is the meed of Father Finlay, the Society's Vice-President. On the Committee the Bishop of Raphoe's name is followed by Lord Plunket's; Mr. Willie Redmond and Sir James Musgrave are shoulder to shoulder. The Society, which began its work in a small and unpretentious way, has now completed more than eight years of existence, and during the whole period it has been steadily but swiftly growing in stature and grace and in favour with the Irish farmer. It has recently published its annual Blue Book, containing the records of its doings up to the end of March last; and to any one with a gleam of interest in the nation's greatest industry who may have subjected himself to a perusal of the dismal recitations and pinchbeck suggestions of those other Blue Books dealing with Agriculture which represent the work of the Agricultural Commission, the unofficial Irish Blue Book may be recommended as a most healthy antidote.

The work of the Society, as its name implies, is organization. In its inception it was meant to be temporary; but the duration of its career has more than once been imminently threatened, in a way not intended, through lack of financial support. Only last year this untimely fate overhung it; but Sir Henry Cochrane's generous gift of £5,000 saved the Society for years of further usefulness. And though the Society may one day find its career completed, there seems little likelihood of such an event for many years to come, even though the success attending its efforts hitherto be increased in the future in like ratio. The Society's great object is the establishment of co-operation among the Irish farmers, and to that end its organizers scour the country in search of knots of agriculturists who will form themselves into local and independent co-operative societies. The major part of these societies have for their principal object the establishment of creameries, which the members own and run themselves, and to which they send their milk for separation and the manufacture of the cream into butter of that indispensably even quality to which home-made butter is a stranger. The Organization Society has done well to concentrate its first efforts on this branch of Irish farming; for Ireland is by nature a butter-making country, and the recent great and increasing inroads of the Scandinavian, the Dutchman and the Frenchman have been directed with special force against the industry which at one time was Ireland's pride and the source of no inconsiderable share of her wealth, but which in more recent years has fallen into decrepitude and discredit. The co-operative dairies are raising it out of the mire. Theirs is no original plan: it was made in Denmark; and it has made Denmark. Danish butter has captured the English market because it is not only excellent, but uniformly excellent, and this uniformity is maintained solely by resort to the creamery method of butter-making, aided by rules as to uniform feeding, &c. to which the members of the co-operative society submit themselves. The aim of the Irish Co-operative Dairy Societies is similar. That the reform is profitable to the farmers a very few facts will prove. Irish home-made butter in recent years has rarely attained an average price of more than ninepence a pound, which only provides a return to the farmer of about 3d. a gallon on his milk, to say nothing of the labour expended in separating and churning; the price paid to the Irish dairy co-operator by the creamery for his milk last year averaged 3'55d. per gallon. Nor does the co-operator lose his separated milk by taking it to the creamery; it is returned to him free. The profits made by the creamery are, of course,



shared among the members, and those profits are considerable by comparison with what the home-churning farmer gets. The highest price quoted for home-made butter on the Dublin market at the beginning of this month was 89s. a cwt.; creamery butter is selling at from 107s. to 112s. But this does not exhaust the value of the co-operative creamery to its members. Many of the societies purchase manures, seeds, machinery, &c., in large quantities, and consequently at wholesale prices, for their members' use, who thus get these necessary and often expensive raw materials at a very much lower cost than they would otherwise incur. Some societies, too, purchase stallions, bulls and boars of improved breeds for their members' use. Co-operative sale as well as co-operative purchase comes within the aim of these societies; but that side of the business has not so far been much developed, though it is expected that extensive and satisfactory business in the direction of co-operative sale of cattle, sheep and pigs will shortly be in operation. And the consequent advantages to the farmers of being aided to a market for their produce, minus the middleman, must surely take high rank among the benefits which co-operation secures to them. Another important Irish industry in which it is hoped soon to introduce co-operation on a big scale is the egg and poultry business. The egg trade in Ireland seems to be in lower water than most other branches of rural industry, and the people who follow it are often among the very poorest of Ireland's agriculturists. This is not remarkable, notwithstanding the country's natural adaptation to the industry; for the normal method of egg sale in Ireland is through the medium of the "higgler," an itinerant merchant who, in the language of the Organization Society's report, "collects eggs from the houses of the people, and who as often as not pays for them in kind, thus making two profits on the transaction, while the producer makes none at all." It is interesting, but disquieting, to learn further from the Report that the higgler "often hold the eggs they buy in anticipation of the advancing price"; and the Report pertinently adds, "the effect of this is to bring all Irish eggs into disrepute." The co-operative poultry farm would change all this. And it should be equally successful with poultry. There is no earthly reason why Irish fowls should be sent over to England in the "store" condition for conversion by fattening into "Surrey fowls." Among the new forms of co-operation projected are Home Industries' Societies and Pig-feeders' Societies. The former will forestall Professor Long's objection to co-operative creameries, that thereby farmers' wives and daughters find their occupation gone. It is a foolish objection anyway, because churning only occupies a few hours a week, while the main and daily work of milking still remains. The Home Industries' Societies will supplement this work by encouraging, in co-operative fashion, weaving and the other delightful and useful home industries for which Ireland has a reputation. Two such societies are already in successful working order. The Pig-feeders' Societies build abattoirs where they undertake the slaughtering of the farmers' pigs; they also sell the pork and sausages. Attempts are likewise being made to start co-operative flax supply associations, and these, if successful, will do much to restore Ireland's waning reputation for flax and stem the competition from Europe. Mention, too, should be made of the agricultural banks which the Organization Society has promoted in one or two places. These are credit associations founded on the plan of the famous Raiffeisen banks, which have wrought such immense good in Europe, promoting agriculture and scaring away the usurer. The Organization Society has also founded federations of the local societies, which, when better appreciated than they seem to be at present, will help the Irish co-operators very substantially in the cheap purchase of raw materials and the placing of their produce on the market at good prices.

A notion of the recent progress of Ireland's Co-operative Society may be formed from the following statistics. On 31 March, 1895, there were fifty-six dairy and agricultural societies at work; on the same day this year there were eighty-three; auxiliary societies had grown from eight to ten; agricultural societies from ten to

forty-six; co-operative banks from one to three; and during last year four miscellaneous societies were formed. There were thus at the date of the last report 148 (including the two federations) of these beneficent societies at work, and their shareholding membership reached a total of 14,290. Their turnover for the year attained a value of £325,199. Taking the dairy societies alone, their total sales from 1889 to the end of 1896 amounted to £906,762, and the Organization Society's Report estimates that of this sum £181,353 "must be regarded as profit directly resulting from the adoption of co-operative dairying." The Societies flourish at present most profusely in the southern counties of Ireland, but there are only three out of the thirty-two counties in the country which do not possess at least one co-operative association founded under the auspices of the Organization Society. It is a splendid record, and though Mr. Horace Plunkett's opinion that "it would be easy to demonstrate that they [the Irish co-operators] have saved over a quarter of a million of profit for themselves" since the beginning of the movement may be rather guess-work than proof, it must yet be evident to any one who has given the slightest study to the matter that the results to rural Ireland—and Ireland is mainly rural—are very great indeed. Let us hope this past achievement is but an earnest of still greater things to come. For there is room for wide extensions yet. While we continue to import six and a half million cwt. of pig meat, three million cwt. of butter and sixteen hundred millions of eggs each year, it is obvious that there is plenty of room for further development in the Irish farmyard.

ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.

#### LORD ROBERTS AND OUR INDIAN FRONTIER POLICY.

LORD ROBERTS had good reasons for his endeavour to drag the Ameer of Afghanistan as a red herring across the scent with regard to the origin of the disturbances on the Indian frontier. It needs but a cursory examination of his book, "Forty-one Years in India," to discover that he, more than any man, is responsible for the revival of the "forward" policy which has undoubtedly been the principal cause of the rising of the tribes. In the North-West of India nature has provided us with a natural and effective barrier against invasion. Here a mountainous and inhospitable country, inhabited by fierce and independent tribes and impassable except at one or two points by any large invading force, is interposed between our Indian Empire and Russia's possessions in Central Asia. The older and wiser policy of the Indian Government was to keep on the hither side of this natural barrier, leaving the frontier tribes to their independence and thus preserving their goodwill and placing a further obstacle to any hostile advance from the North or West. It was only when they descended from their mountains and attacked us within our frontier that they were sharply punished by our troops and made to realize the strength of our arms. The punitive object of an expedition being accomplished, our forces were at once withdrawn and the tribes again left to their own devices within their own territory. Thus, with little trouble and at little expense, we were provided with an additional defence, since the frontier tribes would have resisted any encroachment on their independence from the North as passionately as they were and are still disposed to resist it from the South.

But soon after Lord Lytton entered upon his administration in 1876 the old wise policy was discarded, and in its place was substituted a policy of adventure and advance. Sir Robert Sandeman, under very different conditions and largely through his remarkable personal influence, had succeeded in controlling the tribes of Baluchistan by a different policy, the principal features of which were the installation of political agents in their midst and a system of subsidies to the chiefs. In an evil moment Lord Lytton decided to apply the Sandeman policy to the Pathan tribes further north, though they are very different in character from the Baluchis, and Lord Roberts, then the Quartermaster-General, was the man he selected to carry out his plan. For this purpose it was arranged that a new

province should be created out of the trans-Indus portion of the Panjab, and of this Lord Roberts was to be made Chief Commissioner, responsible directly to the Government of India. In this manner the control of the frontier was to be taken out of the hands of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Panjab and given to the Central Indian Government acting through the new Commissioner. At p. 99 of his second volume Lord Roberts expresses his delight at the proposal, and his intention of changing the former policy for one which should bring the frontier tribes "within the pale of civilization." However, the Afghan war intervened and the plan was never carried into effect, but nearly ten years later, when Lord Roberts was made Commander-in-Chief in India during Lord Dufferin's administration, he at once began to revive the frontier policy which had been abandoned, "opening out the country" he calls it, and "improving our relations with the frontier tribes."

Since that time the military party in the Indian Government have had all their own way. Lord Roberts first won over Sir George Chesney, the Military Member of the Council, to his views, and then the Foreign Secretary, now Sir Mortimer Durand, but at that time a young man with little experience and an immense admiration for the Commander-in-Chief. The new policy was, of course, highly popular with the military element, for it led to many more adventures and a greater chance of honours than did the older and safer policy. It does not seem that Lord Dufferin made any attempt to check the "forward" party in the Council. When a Commander-in-Chief with the cleverness and prestige of Lord Roberts, the Military Member of the Council, and the Foreign Secretary are working in concert it is not easy to oppose them. No doubt Lord Dufferin was a strong enough Viceroy to have checked them if he had wished, but he was contemplating resignation, and probably did not think matters would be carried so far as they have been. He always liked to let his subordinates have a free hand, confident in his ability to check them in time. The consequence was, however, that when Lord Lansdowne became Viceroy in 1888 he found the new policy in full swing, and it would scarcely have been possible for a new man to have reversed it, even if he had wanted to do so, in the face of the powerful influences at its back. The civilian governors of the Panjab, who have control of the relations with the frontier tribes, have opposed the policy again and again, but as they have no seat upon the Council they have been unable to make their influence felt. Lord Roberts is primarily to blame, and he forced his views on the Government of India in opposition to the views of men whose knowledge and experience of the frontier tribes are far greater than his. By the occupation of Chitral the military party no doubt hoped to make it impossible to draw back. It lies so far away that if we are to retain it we shall be forced to occupy all the intervening country and bring its inhabitants "within the pale of civilization." No wonder the tribes have begun to fear for their independence and have been moved to a general resistance to our encroachments. The danger of military counsels in questions of State policy has seldom been more signally illustrated.

#### LORD LUDLOW'S ANCESTRY.

IT is rare indeed to obtain from any man a public profession of faith on the subject of his ancestors. Even in these days of self-advertisement your own ancestors are tabooed as a topic of conversation; and it is a startling innovation for even a newly created peer to oblige the daily papers with an embellished list of noble progenitors. Lord Ludlow having set the fashion, however, it will be interesting to watch the developments of it. To begin with, if the information is to be of any value to students of genealogy its first essential must be accuracy. In this particular "Lopes, J." leaves something to be desired. Lord Ludlow's letter has met my eye in most of the papers I read, so that I imagine it has obtained somewhat of notoriety, and I need not reprint it in full. The pith of it lies in the sentences:—

"The reason I took the name of Ludlow was be-

cause it was my mother's name. She came of a very old Wiltshire family with a recorded pedigree since 1400. Amongst her ancestors are to be found Edmund Ludlow, General of the Forces in Ireland in the time of Cromwell the regicide, a Sir Henry Ludlow, Bart., a Baron Ludlow, a Viscount Ludlow and an Earl Ludlow, whose title became extinct in 1840."

It would be rather difficult to make a greater number of statements in so few words. Lord Ludlow, in the male line, is the grandson of Abraham Franco of London, merchant, by his wife Esther, younger sister and co-heir of Sir Manasseh Massey Lopes, Bart., and daughter of Mordecai Rodrigues Lopes, of Clapham (son of Abraham Lopes, of Jamaica), by his wife Rebecca, daughter of Manasseh Perera. One would imagine the Book of Genesis to have been a more likely quarter for Lord Ludlow to go ancestor-hunting than Burke's "Extinct Peerage." But as Mr. Justice Lopes prefers the latter let me follow him there. I simply desire to show how many misstatements Lord Ludlow has managed to squeeze into the three sentences of his letter which I have quoted. In the first place his Lordship has not taken the name of Ludlow. He has chosen it as the title of his Barony, which is a very different matter. A person versed in the legal value of accuracy should not have made such a mistake. In the next place, Edmund Ludlow the regicide had no children by his marriage with Elizabeth Thomas. Therefore, if he be an ancestor of Lord Ludlow, as Lord Ludlow states, it can only be illegitimately. But let Edmund Ludlow have justice done him. He had no children, and was not an ancestor of Lord Ludlow. Nor was there ever a Viscount Ludlow except with the surname of Herbert.

Peter Ludlow, of Ardsallagh, co. Meath, *who was not an ancestor of the Wiltshire family*, was certainly created in 1755 Baron Ludlow of Ardsallagh, and in 1760 Viscount Preston of Ardsallagh and Earl Ludlow, all in the Peerage of Ireland; and he died in 1803. He was succeeded by his elder son, the second Earl Ludlow, who died unmarried in 1811, and his son in his turn was succeeded by his younger brother, the third Earl Ludlow, who achieved some distinction in the Army, being in command at the battle of Aboukir. The third Earl was made a Knight of the Bath in 1804, and in 1831 was created Baron Ludlow in the Peerage of the United Kingdom. He died unmarried, when all his titles became extinct, in 1842 (not in 1840, as the new Lord Ludlow states). As he had no relatives (even though "Lopes, J." had long been born at the time), he bequeathed his property to Lord John Russell, afterwards Earl Russell. He certainly *was not an ancestor* of the new Lord Ludlow of Heywood. The last Earl Ludlow was a great-great-grandson of a brother of Edmund Ludlow the regicide; but as the first Earl has left no descendants male or female, there is no one who can lay claim to these coroneted ancestors. In no Ludlow pedigree that I have seen can I find any mention of a Sir Henry Ludlow, Baronet, and neither in the current nor extinct Baronetage is any such creation given. I believe I am correct in saying that there never was a Sir Henry Ludlow, Bart. Probably the present Lord Ludlow refers to Sir Henry Ludlow, Knight, High Sheriff of Wiltshire 1633, and M.P. 1640. He was not an ancestor of Lord Ludlow of Heywood. I have now shown that, with one exception, every single statement made by Lord Ludlow of Heywood is incorrect. This one exception is the most crucial, viz. that his mother "came of an old Wiltshire family with a recorded pedigree since 1400." This of course refers to the family of "Ludlow of Hill Deverell," who undoubtedly have such a pedigree. Of this family Mr. William Penruddocke Ludlow-Bruges of Seend is the most prominent proved male descendant. Now there are two Ludlow pedigrees in Hoare's "Wiltshire." In the one the Ludlow descent of the Lopes family is only taken back a very short distance, and the pedigree is not connected with that of Ludlow of Hill Deverell. The other pedigree is of this latter family. In a generation *prior* to any single name mentioned in Lord Ludlow's letter, occurs a John Ludlow, the "*supposed* ancestor" of the Heywood



family, which in plain language means that the Heywood people have not proved and cannot prove the connection, and that the detailed descent is unknown. Hoare's "Wiltshire" was published before genealogies were as carefully examined as at present, and it is always fairly safe to presume that a "supposed" descent is utterly incapable of proof. But even if such a descent be ever established it will only substantiate my previous contention that no single one of the people mentioned in Lord Ludlow's letter is an ancestor of his mother.

X.

## THE JUDGE'S PEDIGREE.

(Vide Lord Ludlow's letter in the daily papers.)

A JUDGE there was who was made a Lord  
(Much above you and me),  
And he named in the papers his acres broad,  
And his mother's descent from an Earl adored,  
And a Viscount, who else might have been ignored,  
For his pedigree couldn't their loss afford  
(He was much above you and me).

Oh the names we learnt, and the oil we burnt,  
And the glorified "tree" we planned;  
But now we have learnt what an "ancestor" meant,  
And the end of it all is a Jewish descent,  
For our "house" had a bottom of sand.

A Judge there was—now a Peer is he  
(Far above you and me);  
And he wrote out a big genealogical tree,  
Which didn't at all with "Burke" agree,  
And the cream of it was that he would not see  
That he never could get where he wanted to be  
(So far above you and me).

Oh, the days we lent, and the toil we spent,  
To string up that pedigree,  
Which belongs to folks who are no relation  
And miles above us by birth and station,  
And not of our own familiee!

The Judge was stripped of his foolish "side"  
(Even as you and I);  
But he might have known what his letter implied—  
Though it isn't on record his Lordship tried—  
So the Barony lived, but the pedigree died;  
For every one knew that the Judge — — —  
(Even as you and I).

ARTHUR CHARLES.

## HERR MAX MUELLER, P.C.

AMONG the consequences of possessing a Royal family, which has been made in Germany, must be numbered the pinchbeck importance conferred upon every sausage-eating beer-bibber who chooses to forsake his Fatherland and claim our too catholic hospitality. Herr Max Mueller is a case in point. Having attracted the attention of the Dryasdusts by studying a few musty Sanskrit tomes and advertising the feat from every accessible house-top, he fawns upon every Teuton princelet, whose area-door he has succeeded in approaching, and accordingly, he is palmed off, along with many other foreign consignments of inferior manufacture, as a sterling article upon the long-suffering British public. His name is received only with good-natured grins by solid scientists in Germany. I remember Prof. Benfey of Göttingen saying, "Mueller. Yes; he might have been a scholar had he not gone to England to popularize." But Herr Mueller needs only to migrate hither for Queen Victoria to make him a Privy Councillor, for the Government to foist a young alien—his son, to wit—upon our diplomatic service, and for himself to be acclaimed a wiseacre by every half-witted reader of the baser magazines.

These remarks are prompted, not by the faintest interest in Herr Mueller, P.C.'s personality, but by an intolerance of the German invasion, inseparable from a perusal of the right honourable stranger's lucubrations in the current issue of "Cosmopolis." In an article, with the slipshod title "Royalties," he lays bare all the accumulations of vulgar toadyism, which have so regrettably contributed to his present elevation. He expresses himself, from beginning to end, in that vein of grovelling snobbery, which I had thought

to have reached its most contemptible nadir in the vapourings of a certain Cambridge don, who stigmatized William II. as "the most agreeable Emperor he knew."

If Herr Mueller had really secured the intimacy of Royalty, it would be sufficiently bad taste on his part to proclaim the details of it in periodicals. But when I find that he has only been admitted on sufferance, and that his reminiscences have a distinct aroma of the servants' hall, it is my foot rather than my hand that I am tempted to outstretch. "My first and most pleasant contact with Royalty," he informs us, "was at Dessau," but we are happily spared details of the juvenile toady's abasement before fourth-rate princelets. This "Royalty," however, led to his intrusion into the court of the Prussian King, Frederick William IV., after a narrow squeak of being locked up as an anarchist. Such introduction furnishes us with the exhilarating facts that the King called his wife "Monsieur," and that "his face became more and more flushed, while he hardly touched a drop of wine during the whole of dinner," a circumstance which, if true, might have been more decently suppressed.

Next we are taken to the house of Bunsen "at the Prussian Legation in Carlton House Terrace." Mueller "was quietly sitting on the sofa with Bunsen (March 27, 1848, 8 A.M.)"—note the stupendous precision about a stupendously unimportant fact—"discussing some question of Vedic mythology," when Bunsen rose, took Mueller by the arm, and said, "Make haste, run away." Mueller attempts to explain this most Prussian proceeding by the imminent advent of the Prince of Prussia, but I strongly suspect that Bunsen had grown intolerably bored. In any case the incident is devoid of the smallest vestige alike of interest and of importance.

Next Herr Mueller takes us to a cricket match, where, in an outburst of superiority over the Princess of Prussia's ignorance of the game, he comments upon "the way in which the boys threw the ball and hit it back."

Our next stage is Oxford, where the future Emperor Frederick was taken by Mueller to various lectures and "quickly perceived the advantages of the English University system, particularly of the college life and the tutorial teaching." I am convinced that the remark was Mueller's, and that Frederick, if he assented to it, did so in self-defence against his tiresome mentor's arguments. Frederick made a great point of remaining incognito, but the servility of one of his aides-de-camp betrayed him to his landlord, who accordingly charged more than Mueller thought proper. During a subsequent visit, in 1879, the Prince visited the Examination Schools, again in the strictest incognito. Someone made a bad blunder and everybody laughed. The Prince, not being up to the enormity of the blunder, turned to Mueller and said, "Let us go; they are laughing at us." The only amusing side to the recital of such an incident is the cheerful ignorance of Mueller, who fails to see how he is exposing the grotesqueness of the Prince's self-importance, and his own sad lack of good taste. This failing is further illustrated by an indelicate toast, in which Mueller drank to Frederick as "the future German Emperor." Frederick was naturally displeased by this gross liberty, but Mueller is not ashamed to recall his own discomfiture and seems to be proud rather than otherwise of his boorish want of tact. "The Crown Prince enjoyed a good laugh about a good joke," he goes on to say, but it is evident that the Crown Prince did not consider Mueller's jokes good and did not laugh at them.

After some unnecessary expressions of admiration for Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and a suggestion of furious indignation at the treatment, in reality far too considerate, which that foreigner received in England, Mueller proceeds to take credit for his reticence in abstaining from the publication of recollections about "Royal persons still alive." Thereupon he hastens to narrate how he once played at whist with the Prince of Wales; how the Prince, as usual, haggled over the score, but eventually had to give in to Mueller's insistence and pay him sixpence. That coin our snob has reverently preserved as "a treasure" to commemorate his intimacy with and triumph over "Royalty."

He drank with Prince Leopold a Rhine wine whose aroma was "perceptible even at the dinner-table," and he "played à quatre mains with him, fearing only to touch and hurt his fingers, which"—fingers?—"was always most painful to him." It is amusing to notice how Mueller, even when he is fawning most slavishly, always contrives to bring up the subjects least agreeable to his heroes or their memory.

It is, indeed, obvious that Mueller's article was written merely to glorify himself and advertise his fleeting connexion with Royalty. He fills up the greater part of a page with doggerel German sonnets which he wrote in flattery of Frederick. He hesitates not to retail well-merited snubs which have fallen to his share. One day, for instance, when he had exhibited his crass ignorance to the late Emperor of Brazil, His Majesty could not forbear from replying: "I know all about that, and have studied the question for many years. Let us return to the Veda."

Finally, having exhausted his store of twaddling reminiscence, Mueller breaks out, at ponderous length, into a subject which I thought was by this time tabooed even at the tea-tables of the suburbs—the Jubilee! For the most part his pæan reads like a hash-up of old leading articles from the provincial press. We may smile over his stale gush about "the Royal procession passing through the crowded streets of London," "sixty years of one reign," and "the sceptre of the wise and good Queen Victoria"; but what shall we say of the following passage from the pen of one who claims to be a serious authority upon the past: "Has there ever been an empire like the British, not excluding the Babylonian, the Persian, the Macedonian, or the Roman Empires?" We are justly proud of our Empire, but when we read such rhodomontade we can only reply to Mueller as the Emperor Frederick did "rather angrily," "Na, sind Sie denn auch unter die Schmeichler gegangen!"

Mueller tells us that "courtier" and "flatterer" are "ugly names," but we are free to confess that the only ones applicable to him are positively hideous in comparison. Butter is all very well as a condiment, but as an exclusive diet it is disgusting. HERBERT VIVIAN.

#### THE BEST SCENERY I KNOW.

##### XVII.

A GEOLOGIST looks on scenery from a somewhat special standpoint. His standard is exacting, as he is not satisfied with a view unless it possesses scientific as well as æsthetic interest. A beautiful view is not necessarily instructive. Many a lovely prospect now teaches nothing; once, no doubt, it had a message, which was destroyed before any one came who could read it. Many a once wild, rock-bounded valley, for instance, has lost all its original structural features; its floor has been buried deep beneath a plain of alluvial meadow-land and its sides have been smeared with talus or hidden by a mantle of soil, which is in turn covered by vineyards and forest. None of the rocky framework of the valley has been left exposed, and the characteristic outlines have been replaced by unnatural artificial slopes. The artist will probably say that the changes are improvements, that the rock ribs were the scars of ancient earth sores which are better concealed; he is grateful that

"Nature, softening and concealing,  
Is ready with a hand of healing."

The geologist may truly appreciate the soul-soothing restfulness of domestic rural scenery with its picturesque homesteads, its unbusinesslike hedgerows, its drowsy cattle in the meadows; but he does not place such scenery in the highest rank, for from his point of view it is incomplete. The very features that constitute its charms are parts of a veil which the geologist tries in vain to penetrate; he can no more be satisfied with a view of this type than a scholar would be with a parchment of which the ink had been dissolved and redeposited in pretty moss-like stains.

But a geologist's special interests add to his enjoyment of scenery more than they detract. He sees beauty in districts that most men would think dull. Some compilers of *belles lettres* who cross the Spanish

mesada complain of its utter barrenness and of the monotonous formlessness of the flat-topped ridges that rise above its dreary, treeless plains; but the geologist finds the same scenery singularly full of meaning, with its broad sheets of lake deposits, its terraced plateaux, and its bare sand-polished crags. The Missouri Coteau, again, has never been advertised as an addition to the attractive scenery of the United States. It is apparently only a belt of irregular ridges of grass-covered gravel, with the hollows occupied by mosquito-breeding swamps. But a geologist sees much more than this; he cannot look at it without visions of broad glaciers and glistening snowfields, of deep blue crevasses and fantastic ice seracs. Hence a geologist often admires a view of which, if Nature were properly æsthetic, it would perhaps feel ashamed. The decomposed rhyolites of the Yellowstone Cañon look, it is said, as if they were stained with faded aniline dyes; but I know of no example of rock colouring on a great scale that I would so gladly see again. After the fires have swept across the East African plains at the end of the rainy season the country looks as black and untidy as a charcoal dealer's yard; but I would rather tramp ankle-deep through the hot and dirty ashes than I would walk across Hyde Park.

Among the various types of scenery that I have seen I unhesitatingly express preference for views which show the connexion between the topographical features and geological structure of a wide tract of country. The panorama observed in a ride from Denver across north-eastern Colorado, where the Great Plains end abruptly at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, is superb; and the rolling prairies, the mountain wall, the debris fans, the lava-capped foot-hills, and the weird, sand-cut sandstone pillars, are also most instructive illustrations of the forms of rocks and rock masses, and of the agencies that mould them. The view at dawn from the summit of Gray's Peak (the highest mountain in the Rockies) when the Eastern prairies glitter like a field of gold under the low reflected sunlight, and when beyond the blue haze that fills the depression of Middle Park the snow-filled gullies of the Mountain of the Holy Cross glow with a warm rose tint, is a view to be remembered; and it can be remembered the more easily as the belts of colour mark out the successive geological zones of which the Rocky Mountains are composed. Preference for views of this type has driven me in the Alps from the main tourist centres; the deep valley of Zermatt and the broad vale of Chamouni give views of considerable geological interest; but the distant views are too fragmentary to be intelligible. Perhaps I am not a fair judge of what can be discerned from the higher summits; for as I could never afford time for climbing except when the weather was too bad to do anything else, my highest views have generally consisted of a few hundred yards of fog. But in the Southern Cottians the Alpine chain is so much narrower that a single view illustrates the arrangement of the whole: you can stand on a peak of greasy dolomite belonging to the zone of the Briançonnais, and look eastward across the rugged green hills of the zone of Monte Rosa to the Lombard Plain; and westward you can see the granite peaks of the Mont Blanc zone, and catch a glimpse of the jagged limestone crags that overhang the basin of the Rhone. Here compressed into a narrow belt all the main zones of the Alps can be seen at once; while they give rise to scenery which yields to none in Switzerland in beauty or variety. The grandest views I saw in East Africa were those of the Rift Valley seen from the crater of Longonot or the cliffs above Lake Losuguta, in which the main features were due to direct earth fractures, to great volcanic eruptions and to the action of ancient lakes. The finest panorama I saw in Spitzbergen was from the summit of Mount Lusitania over a complex series of glaciers and icefields, of fiords and valleys and regularly bedded peaks; and the view gained much in interest from the close connection of the topographical features and geological agencies.

The geologist also obtains especial enjoyment by observing forces as well as forms. He can watch the irresistible rush and curling backwash of the Niagara rapids with feelings of awe deepened by the thought that Niagara too is dying; for he knows that earth movements which are more irresistible than even the



waters of Niagara are quietly sapping the sources of its strength. The rush of a rising tide through the channels of a coral reef is another combination of beauty and power; the gorgeous colours of the rock pools, the swirling of the foam-streaked water round the massive coral hummocks and the cataract of short irregular breakers form a striking picture of the everlasting struggle between the processes of rock-making and rock-destroying. On northern shores there is nothing to compare with a coral reef in beauty; and as an incident in the battle of the shore line it is more impressive than even the driving of an angry icepack on to an Arctic beach.

Such are the views I have most willingly tolerated inconveniences to see; but I do not pretend that they are the views that gave me most pleasure at the time. Enjoyment of landscape is so much a matter of mood. Some of my finest views in the Western States of America were seen with eyes aching and smarting from glaring sand and salt-encrusted dust. Returning to England I felt I had never seen anything lovelier than the Trent Valley in autumn sunshine after a few days of heavy rain. Riding homeward from Southampton with the memory of the "baked Karroo" as my last impression of African scenery, I fully agreed with a companion, who was returning from Uganda, that Africa had shown us nothing so exquisite as the green turf of the Hampshire Downs. These, however, were but the thoughts of days. For the scenery the memory of which gives me the most permanent pleasure send me somewhere west of Denver, through the cañons on to the plains of the Great Basin of the Western States. For there not only are the panoramic views magnificent, but the atmosphere is so transparent that the distant hills come near, the air is so light and fresh that the spirit of enjoyment is always present, and the geographical features of the country are such a direct expression of its geological structure that it can be read from the saddle for many miles on either side the trail.

J. W. GREGORY.

#### THE TWO COBBLERS OF BRUGES.

THE fine secret of the old belfry at Bruges has not yet been caught by visitors. The eager and untender survey of the tourist till now, I imagine, has brought forth nothing much more than a gay blend of pleasure at the view, tempered with a physical exhilaration at the invigorating thinness of the air. When these material adjuncts have had their way, he descends, and the belfry has no further mandate for him. To really appreciate the famous mediæval place, to bring the whole apparatus of the connoisseur into strenuous action, it is necessary to know and study the two cobblers of Bruges. Adolph Emery and Jacques Lacroix are two men, cobblers by trade, who for twenty-four years have lived a mysterious life in the summit of the tower. Year in year out they make their shoes for people in the world below, they wind the great carillon, and at night watch over the sleeping town to sound a tocsin at an outbreak of fire. It is the intensely interesting problem of these two unique personalities that to me gives the place its peculiar charm, for the two cobblers are unlike any other men I have met in this world. Through two decades, going on their cheerful, prudent way, they have retained much of the essential temperament of the peasant, and yet they have, in their high place, learnt so much more than is granted to most of us to know, that they have become cultured by suggestion and a product of an environment that has not the like in Europe.

It must be remembered that they cannot be called impressionists. To understand a sunset as they do, or to be saddened at a mere change of the wind, is doubtless impressionism, but the impressionist is a product of educational influences that they have never had. They are simply highly organized sensitivists, that is all.

Naturally as they go about their work they are not for ever strung to sympathy, and you may often see them as ordinary cobblers and no more, for of course they have their limits. One can be many-sided, but to be every-sided is to be either a mass of protoplasm or a humbug.

A week or two ago I was fortunate to catch them in

a good hour, when they were open for analysis, and to complete the picture the incident is worth repeating. One evening I mounted to the tower top, and as I came out upon the last stage found Emery and Lacroix looking out of an aerial window seat over the country. There had been a period of drought, and the whole vast landscape seemed to give out a peculiar suggestion of thirst. They greeted me silently with a curt word in French—it is worth while noticing that French is more to their liking than Flemish—and then watched in silence. I joined them just as the sunlights were fading and the peculiar hush that heralds the creeping shadows was in the air, which was very hot and heavy. We were for a moment startled by a sudden commotion as a great bird—probably some wild duck—flashed past the window, and as the air its flight disturbed fell cool upon our faces, both men moved and with shaded eyes peered away into Holland on the horizon. I followed their looks, and saw, rising out of the distant haze that marked the sea, a rain-cloud, which grew larger and seemed to be moving rapidly towards us over the vast flat cornland. The two small, brown figures framed by the ancient and fantastic stonework made a "picture in the grand style" against a sky charged with marvels. Their occupation has bent and bowed them very much, and they have learnt to move silently with a serious intent look in their eyes, and the tableau of the crouching figures on the ledge of the window seat was extraordinary to a degree. Soon we could hear the distant splashing of the rain until it grew all around us and rattled on the tiled roofs far below.

Lacroix watched with a certain animal distending of the nostrils and a deep breathing of the cool air. "It is very beautiful," he said. "We see beautiful things up here, monsieur. But have you not thought that things like this are only beautiful to a few people?" The simple words coming from him were extraordinary. The man had by intuition, quite unknowingly, arrived at an understanding of the artistic temperament. Emery joined in with a deep breath and a little laugh. "How can they know?" he said to me, "the visitors who come here and write their names upon the bells?" Perhaps he thought he might have said too much, and cast a reflection displeasing to me on a class to which I belong; for with an apologetic gesture he continued: "But you see, monsieur, being here always makes a great difference, and no doubt if people were to live here—"—so courtesy makes Jesuits of us all. The storm was all around us now with flickering violet fires and peals of thunder, while below the wild, sweet chimes of the carillon rang out loudly. We talked longer, always in simple fashion, and they told me of lights on the horizon at night, of deep-scented summer nights when so light was the moon that they could watch some black-robed sleepless priest from the cathedral pacing, like a crawling beetle, round and round the great square below. Sometimes in winter, while they sat talking, they were troubled by the stir and tumult of wings in the dark, as long rows of great sea-birds clanged down the wind from the salt marshes of Holland. Possessed of a certain instinct in the matter of sensation, curiously enough quite in the fashion of the latter-day analyst, Lacroix, albeit his rhetoric was inexact and entirely threw off modernity, had his own peculiar and favourite times. He liked best the hot autumn days in the sunshine, when on every side the country was fertile and the corn was ripening.

To a trained intelligence the understanding of their moods is of course easy, and the illumination their knowledge casts is only flickering, but the wonder of the thing lies in the way this illumination has come to them. The two cobblers are more than Whitman's "powerful uneducated persons." They have come in contact with a new environment, and it is extremely interesting from a psychological point of view to notice the influence of the contact. Their æsthetic philosophy, at which I have only hinted, is built on the underlying fact of nearness to the elements, and the fact is the secret of their fascination; for, by whatever process their character has been built up, they have had to build it on that. It almost seems that a life like theirs is more provocative of fine discrimination than any amount of worldly experience, and if this is so the statement perhaps has its value in helping us to esti-

mate the theories of a recluse. I have stood in the bell-room when the place has been full of interesting and clever people talking of Lyderick du Bucq or de Dampière, but they have lamentably failed to understand what the cobblers know. In Bruges itself no one thinks of the cobblers much. They can look across the Grande Place to the Pannier d'Or bustling with life and movement, but they are in reality very far away. The idea of the two little brown men is not without its element of grotesquerie, and indeed "the two cobblers of Bruges" has quite a twang of Grimm or Hans Andersen. That they are extremely interesting is a matter for individual opinion, but they do certainly illustrate a problem which has its value. To me they always seem a living protest against vulgar restlessness, and had we each a belfry to dwell in we should find them right a thousand times. RANGER GULL.

### MONEY MATTERS.

WHEN it became known on Wednesday that brokers were able to send in bills to the Bank of England for discounting at the rate of 2 per cent., the market made up its mind that the anticipated rise in the Bank Rate was not to take place this week. Needless to say they proved to be right, the Directors deciding after very little discussion to maintain a 2 per cent. rate for the current week. In coming to this decision the Bank Directors no doubt took into consideration the new issue of India Treasury bills which are to be tendered for on Tuesday next. The Bank Return showed but little change, the proportion of reserve to liabilities at 52 per cent. revealing but a slight fractional reduction since last time. The bullion showed a falling off of £408,859. This was partially counterbalanced by the return of notes on balance to the extent of £355,565. Public deposits showed a decrease of £372,784, but "other" deposits rose £389,258. Changes in other items were unworthy of note. A slightly easier disposition was noticeable in discount rates, business having been quiet all through the week. Two per cent. was quoted for three months' Bank bills, 2½ for four months, and 2½ for six months. Money for a short period was generally to be obtained at 1 per cent. There was a steadier tone in the Silver Market, the price on Thursday having been quoted at 25d. per oz.

Business on the Stock Exchange was on the smallest possible scale. Consols showed a drooping disposition until Thursday morning, when the decision of the Bank of England directors encouraged a recovery, and prices closed without noteworthy change on Saturday's quotations. India stocks were steady, with the exception of Rupee Paper Three-and-a-half per Cents., which showed a considerable fall on the week at 63¼. In the Foreign Market there was very little business, and beyond a rise of a point in Greek securities, on the better outlook of the peace negotiations, the market was featureless.

The Home Railway Market continued sagging away until the decision of the Bank of England directors to leave the official rate at 2 per cent. was made known on Thursday, when several substantial advances took place among the Heavy Brigade. The market was also encouraged by favourable traffic receipts for last week, those of the Great Western, North-Eastern and North-Western being especially good. In addition to this the more promising outlook regarding the Græco-Turkish question helped prices. On Thursday afternoon Midlands had shown an advance of 1½ during the week at 178½, Hull and Barnsley was ¾ up at 50½, and North-Eastern ½ better at 42.

Financial writers must have their vision choked with Klondyke booms, Westralians, Kaffirs and Pneumatic Tyres, or they would surely not allow the marvellous depreciation in Great Eastern Railway stock to pass without comment. Marvellous is really the sober word to designate the present slump. Were the Great Eastern in the slough of despond into which a variety of misfortunes dragged it some years ago, or were it now threatening to enter on another such period of

depression, the explanation would be simple enough. As a fact the Company has never been in so prosperous a condition as to-day; nor has it ever had such roseate prospects before it for the future. One may say without fear of contradiction that no railway in the kingdom is so progressive in every department of its undertaking as is the Great Eastern. It has abolished the profit-eating second class; it has revived the small agricultural industries along its route, so bringing an increasing and profitable traffic on to its lines; it has developed the watering-places of the East coast, confessedly the healthiest in England, making villages into thriving towns, and sending half England there for its summer recreation; and it has built up a huge suburban traffic. Moreover, the Company is rapidly replacing and extending its rolling-stock and improving out of knowledge its shabby old stations.

Nevertheless the Great Eastern has not succumbed to the temptation to create a lot of new stock for each new improvement. On the contrary, the opposite policy is being steadily pursued, and to a remarkable degree. This may be gauged from the fact that in the septennial period from 1888 to 1895, during which lavish improvements and extensions were carried out (including the large metropolitan extensions), the Company's ordinary stock was only increased from £12,518,000 to £12,572,000, and the total increases in preference and debenture capital only amounted to about four and three-quarter millions. Traffic since 1895 has been steadily on the increase. If it be asked why under such circumstances recent dividends have not been higher, an examination of the accounts furnishes a reply most comforting to shareholders: the Company often pays for capital works out of revenue. Comparing the last week of August with the similar period last year, we find increases in each branch of traffic, and it is safe to prophesy that these increases will be more than maintained. A recent general dullness in Home Rails, combined with the dividend for the last half year at a slightly lower rate than the Stock Exchange anticipated, is presumably the cause of the drop in a few weeks from 122 to 116½. Investors should seize this unique opportunity for possessing themselves of some sterling stock at a price which is most unlikely to be touched again.

American Rails continued to attract a lot of favourable attention, and even during Thursday, when business was comparatively quiet, Illinois Centrals gained 1½, Norfolk Prefs. a dollar, and others smaller amounts. Other favoured securities were Milwaukeees, Atchisons, Denver Common, Denver Preference, and Northern Pacific Preference. Fluctuations are so considerable in this market that it would be absurd to chronicle prices at time of writing, a few hours being sufficient to completely alter the face of the market. The advance during the summer has been very great, but the growing prosperity in America almost seems to justify hope of a further big rise. Investors have before them the precedent of 1880, when a number of securities rose 80 per cent., much to the disgust of "bears" who had sold at an advance of 50 per cent. The Canadian lines formed a feature, big advances having taken place in Trunks and Canadian Pacifics.

The Kaffir Circus was seriously handicapped during the early part of the week by the old-fashioned prejudice against a nineteen day account, as well as the gradual awakening of European speculators to the opportunities offered by the upward tendency in American Rails. Especially noticeable was this on Wednesday, when there was a constant dribble of sales to transfer interest to the Yankee market. A number of jobbers, in view of the long account and unlikelihood of much business, disappeared from town. On Thursday a rather better feeling set in, and a decided check was placed on the sagging condition of the market. Several shares advanced to a substantial extent. Modderfonteins still showed a fall of 7½ at 3, but other declines on the week were unimportant, and several of the leading shares showed gains of 1½ to 1¾.

No one can watch the South African Market carefully without perceiving its buoyant tendency in spite of the



almost dead level at which it has been maintained for some time. If it were left to itself this buoyancy would bring about a steady, gradual rise, but the financiers who control the market are determined that this shall not come about. During the week, for instance, Rand Mines took a sudden turn upwards. On Saturday they stood at 30½, on Monday they rose to 31, and on Tuesday they went still higher. But by Thursday they had dropped to their original figure. The controlling house had again stepped in and effected its object. No wonder that speculators have taken to operating in Yankee Rails in preference to Kaffirs. In Yankees they have at least an open market, where prices go with the market and the public have a run for their money. But so long as the present bearing tactics of the big houses are continued the outside public will fight shy of Kaffirs, and put their money into something else. No doubt the object of the bears is to keep prices down to their lowest point until the Transvaal Government has adopted the recommendations of the Mining Commission. Then they expect good shares will go up with a rush, and that there will be a big boom. It will not be surprising if they find it more difficult to raise prices than they think when the time comes for them to change their tactics; for after all it is the public who put up prices, and if they have been made to fight shy of Kaffirs it may take some of the gilt off the boom.

The outputs for August which have been declared so far are very much the same as those for July. Henry Nourse has increased its yield by 150 ozs. and the Angelo by 120 ozs. Crown Reef was 980 ozs. lower than July; but this was a good yield, the difference being explained by the fact that the returns from the slimes are only declared every two months. It is expected that the total yield for August will reach the big amount of 256,000 ozs., in spite of the Crown Deep crushing being omitted. There is every reason to believe that the steady increase in the output of the Rand Mines is due to more careful working, and not to any picking or gutting of the reef in order to get better results. As improved appliances come into use and the slimes are more carefully treated, the improvement will doubtless continue.

In the "Standard and Diggers' News" there is an interesting interview with Mr. S. J. Truscott, in which he advances a theory which, if well founded, must have a considerable effect on the value of the deep level mines. It is at present assumed that the dip of the reef downwards from the outcrop is about thirty degrees, and consequently the further a mine is from the outcrop the deeper it must go before it strikes the reef. From his experience as a mining engineer Mr. Truscott has come to the conclusion that, instead of descending regularly at the same angle, the reef is broken at intervals by dykes of igneous rock, which not only interrupt the continuity of the reef but also at each fault throw it nearer the surface. Mr. Truscott gives a number of significant facts in support of his theory. If it holds generally in the case of the deep level mines the cost of working them will be considerably lessened and the profits will be correspondingly higher. It may lead also to the opening up of other mines in ground so far from the outcrop as to be considered worthless at present, the greatest depth to which mines can practically be carried being 4,000 or 5,000 feet.

"The gossips say that if H.R.H. the Prince of Wales had been at Homburg this year he would have been bound to take a second place, since for the nonce the real Prince of Homburg was Mr. Beit. He gave a series of luncheons and dinners and receptions, such as even Homburg has never dreamt of, and the way in which flowers and jewels and other little toys of the same sort were scattered about was really quite pretty to see."—"Westminster Gazette."

In the Westralian market a great deal of interest centred round West Australian Goldfields and West Australian Share Corporation shares. The former fell to 2½, a not unusual incident in the case of most companies on the eve of a great change. The reports of

both these enterprises were published at the beginning of the week, that of the West Australian Goldfields having shown a profit of £117,000, after allowance was made of £241,000 for depreciation and £100,000 had been placed to reserve. It is intended that the Share Corporation shall be absorbed by the Goldfields Company, and the capital of the latter is to be increased to half a million. Some comment was made on so large a capitalization, but in an interview Mr. Stoneham pointed out the object. It appears that for a long time past the West Australian Goldfields Company has had opportunities to absorb really valuable concerns in the Westralian market, but that owing to the manner in which the shares were tied up it was impossible to carry out schemes which all acknowledged to be for the benefit of the Company and the industry generally. By the increased capital it is hoped to have enough shares in hand to take up some of these offers. Lake Views advanced ½ at 8½ during the week on a good crushing for the past month. Hannan's Brownhill, on the other hand, fell ¾ to 5½. Only sixty tons of ore were sent to the smelters, and the market was piqued in consequence, though the ore averaged 9 oz. to the ton. Other less interesting shares showed slight gains. Gem of Cue shares were said to be attracting attention again. The ten-stamp battery is to start crushing on the 1st of next month, and it is said there are 20,000 tons of ore on which it will work.

As regards Cycle finance, there has been no lack of interesting history during the past week. On Tuesday the statutory meetings of the creditors and contributors of the Leamington Cycle Company, against which a winding-up order had been made, was held. The chief event of the meeting was a long address by Mr. John Fell, a director of the Company, whose works at Bedford Street, Leamington, had been purchased, together with three cycle businesses near London. Mr. Fell stated that he and his wife had both invested large sums in the Company, that the works at Leamington were all that could be desired, and that several large firms would be prepared to make an offer to buy the property.

All this sounds ingenuous enough. But let us look at the history of the Leamington Company from the outsider's point of view. The prospectus held out glowing promises. We were told that subscriptions for shares and debentures had already been guaranteed for sums more than sufficient to pay so much of the purchase money as was payable in cash and provide the working capital. The purchase price was fixed at £65,000, and Messrs. Tilley and Ward, accountants, certified this to be reasonable and advantageous to the Company. All did not go well, so the directors decided to drop all idea of acquiring the London businesses, and paid £25,000 for the Leamington works alone. These were the property of the ingenuous Mr. John Fell, and in the cold light of unbiassed calculation are valued at £11,630. This is considerably less than half of what Mr. John Fell received for his property. Well may this gentleman point out the investments of himself and his wife in the Company. As a matter of figures it would be interesting to know exactly how much Mr. Fell spent on shares in the Company, and whether it represented anything approaching £13,370. This fat sum is merely the difference between the value now set on the property at Leamington and the price paid over to Mr. Fell.

Every one must agree that these facts go to show that Mr. John Fell, J.P., ex-Mayor of Leamington, has not done badly out of this ill-fated enterprise. The wonderful promises held out in the prospectus have proved absolutely fallacious. But Mr. John Fell was not the only prominent director connected with the fiasco. The names of Mr. R. G. Webster, M.P., Mr. W. Heron Maxwell, Mr. Russell Dowse, and Mr. H. Lincoln Tangye also appeared on the prospectus. Some idea of the casual irresponsibility with which gentlemen allow their names to be associated with enterprises of this class may be gathered from the fact that Mr. Dowse never condescended to attend a board meeting. Mr. Tangye retired in January.

Mr. Harvey Du Cros, of Dunlop's, is said to be one of the cleverest men in London; but at last he seems to have overreached himself. He helps the Amalgamated Tyres Company to the birth; he connects his name with the promotion, and also that of his Chairman, Earl De la Warr; and as soon as the shares of the Amalgamated Tyres Company are put upon the market, he issues a circular to the agents of Dunlop's breathing defiance and war. But this is too sharp practice. The "Financial News" protests, and Mr. Harvey Du Cros, we understand, climbs down. Mr. Harvey Du Cros should remember that fairness and a respect for the word given are qualities characteristic of the highest kind of financial transactions.

A few weeks ago, when the defeat of the Nitrate Railway Company Board had set the financial editors writing as though the squabbles between directors and shareholders were at an end, we pointed out that the storm was likely to continue for a long while. And this has proved to be the case. The new Board is not yet appointed; there are signs that the old directors will cause further difficulties at the meeting on the 14th inst., and it is possible that after that meeting matters will be in as unsatisfactory and undecided a condition as ever. In the meanwhile another circular has made its appearance.

This latest document, it would seem, is issued on behalf of Colonel Oldham, a member of the old Board who has been proposed as a candidate for the new directorate. Colonel Oldham is universally respected and approved, and as the signatories to the circular represent no fewer than eight thousand votes it should carry some weight. The suggestions are all for compromise. This, as we pointed out at first, would have been the best course, but, thanks to the antagonistic attitude of Mr. Harvey and his friends, it has been rendered practically impossible. The position is in every way a very difficult one. On the one hand, no one is desirous of seeing the Company under the complete control of Mr. Allen and one or two foreign directors; on the other hand, it is difficult to see how Mr. Allen and Mr. Harvey are going to work harmoniously together. Should no other solution be forthcoming, the less of two evils—a Board under the influence of Mr. Allen—must be the only course. In the meantime, irritation at this continued delay is giving place to utter disgust. All parties pretend that they have the interests of shareholders alone at heart. What rubbish such professions are is only too patent from the course recent events have taken.

The price of silver has fluctuated during the week, but stands  $1\frac{1}{2}d.$  higher than last week. The spot price is now  $25d.$  The "scarcity" policy seems to be marching apace. Last week the India Council had to suspend its drawings in consequence of the inability of the Indian Government to make its customary remittance to meet Home charges. This week it has had to remit Rs. 1,000,000 to India from England to place the Government in funds, and an average of  $1s. 4\frac{1}{2}d.$  had to be paid for the drafts. So that a  $1s. 4d.$  rate has been touched, though under conditions differing widely from those to which promoters of the scarcity policy looked forward.

The poverty of the Indian treasuries is due chiefly, of course, to the drain caused by untoward events. But it may be fairly contended that the necessity for remittance from this side is due to the close of the mints. If it had not established a "scarcity" of rupees, the Government would be able to borrow sufficient for its needs in India, but the experience of the recent loan showed that the market could not provide more than three crores. Their policy has turned against them, too, in the matter of the scarcity rate. There is something almost comic in their having themselves to pay the highest rate that has been touched, in an operation where the lowest would have been to their advantage.

It has been suggested, naturally, that it would have been more advantageous to export silver and coin

rupees; and one fails to perceive, amid a choice of evils, why this was not selected—unless it be that they feared the rupees would some day come back, and impair the "scarcity" fetish. For the present extreme dearth is doubtless due to the exceptional dispersal of coin in the famine districts and on the frontier. Some of this will gradually come back. Seeing, however, the immense quantity of rupees which India showed itself capable of absorbing while the mints were open, it is difficult to conceive that the coinage of a crore, now, could do much harm.

The import trade of Mexico has increased very rapidly during the past few years as a result mainly of mining and agricultural development added to the provision of better transport facilities. Great Britain does not appear to have secured any share of this increase, and in his report published this week our Consul in Mexico City takes occasion to observe that the great rise in imports of American goods last year must be regarded by British merchants and manufacturers as another warning that, unless they soon make a serious effort, they will have to give up all hope of profiting by the improvement, and "may even lose part of the very limited share which they at present enjoy." Mexico is undoubtedly a country of great commercial potentialities, which are rapidly becoming realized now that there is something like settled government in the country. In view of the fall in silver and the decision of the authorities to encourage the mining of gold, it is interesting to learn that many new gold mining properties are being opened up in the States of Oaxaca, Mexico, and Sonora, and that there are "strong grounds" for expecting a considerable accession to the annual output before long. The value of the gold exports last year was £1,242,000 and of the silver exports £6,315,370—this last being by far the largest amount ever sent out of the country in a single year.

From a Foreign Office report issued this week we gather that the value of the foreign trade of China last year was 333,671,415 taels, equivalent at the exchange value of  $3s. 4d.$ , to £55,600,000 sterling. Measured in currency, the progress made by the Middle Kingdom during the last ten years has been very considerable, the value in 1887 having been no more than 188,123,877 taels. But measured in terms of the more constant metal, the figure of last year was nearly equalled in 1890, and was exceeded by over £2,000,000 in 1891. Still, it is indubitable that the trade of China is growing, and the marked increase of the past two years affords evidence of recovery from the disorganizing effects of the war with Japan. It is further gratifying to note that the share of Great Britain and its Colonies in the total trade of the country continues to improve. In 1895 that share was £35,250,000; last year it increased to £39,271,000. Our most serious competitor is Japan, which makes a very indifferent second with £4,795,000. In view of forthcoming loans, it may be added that the revenue collected during 1896 by the Imperial Maritime Customs was 22,579,366 taels (£3,763,228) as compared with 21,385,389 taels (£3,497,402) in the previous year.

#### NEW ISSUES, &c.

##### THE PIOUS DIRECTOR OF SCHWEPPE!

The statutory meeting of Schweppe's was a very funny performance. It was held at the Hotel Cecil on Monday, 6 September, under the presidency of Mr. C. D. Kemp-Welch, who is the Vice-Chairman and Managing Director.

Mr. Kemp-Welch, in the best Little Bethel manner, regretted the absence of the chairman and the fact that "most of our directors are away enjoying themselves, and I hope that most of the shareholders, judging from the small attendance, are likewise away enjoying themselves." As the Deferred shares in Mr. Kemp-Welch's company are practically unsaleable at 50 per cent. discount Mr. Kemp-Welch's views as to the happiness of his shareholders are decidedly optimistic. But Mr. Kemp-Welch went on to say that there was no business to discuss and nothing



special to report save that "since the new Company took over the business the sales have been very satisfactory. They have increased compared with the four months of the previous year, and I think that is satisfactory." Mr. Kemp-Welch is right in this, and he is also right, no doubt, in deciding that the increase of business is due to the large increase in the number of shareholders which was brought about by the public confidence in Mr. Hooley's promotion. It appears there are now 3,000 shareholders instead of the 400 or 500 which was all Mr. Kemp-Welch could boast of in the past. We believe, and always have believed, that this Company will prosper in spite of the management of Mr. Kemp-Welch. He seems to be unaware of the fact that it is more difficult to get Schweppe's soda than any other mineral water; Schweppe seem to be boycotted by the retail traders and publicans. But as we intend to return to the question of business management at some future date, we will now go on to consider the remainder of Mr. Kemp-Welch's speech.

Like other amateur tub-thumpers, such as Mr. Bottomley, Mr. Kemp-Welch sought his inspiration in egotism, and became eloquent and incoherent in talking of himself and the generosity and nobility of his motives. "I am, perhaps, one of the largest shareholders in the concern, and I hold more than I did in the old Company, which shows the confidence I have in it. I had to be paid out like all the other old shareholders—about one-third of my holding in cash, and I was absolutely allotted the number (of shares?) I was entitled to, like every one else, and I put all that into the new concern at a premium."

Now what does all this mean? Clearly Mr. Kemp-Welch is insisting that he was treated "like every one else," that is, we must suppose that he was not in any way favoured in the new promotion because of his position of managing director of the old Schweppe Company. But has any one accused him of this? and, if not, why these protestations? Again, what in the name of goodness does Mr. Kemp-Welch mean when he says that he put "all that in the new concern at a premium"? None of the shares were issued at a premium. What was this fantastic exercise of Mr. Kemp-Welch's generosity, for it looks to us as if he were protesting that he had done some large-handed and generous thing. Speak up, Mr. Kemp-Welch; let us know what you mean and why we should praise you. Do not hide your light under a bushel.

You have not built another tin chapel, have you, out of the proceeds of "Whiskey and Schweppe"?

#### NORWEGIAN IMPUDENCE.

When those who draft prospectuses feel the weakness of their position, there are always strong baits available with which to dazzle unsophisticated investors. Where ingenuity is present these are sometimes new and original, but commonplace minds are obliged to resort to old and hackneyed ideas. The promoters of the Golden Mint Mines, Limited, evidently belong to the latter class. They make much of a statement that "the vendors are prepared to accept shares only in payment of the property." So confident are the promoters that this will impress the public that it is printed in prominent black letters at the top, as well as strongly urged in the body of the prospectus. It is intended to suggest that the vendors have absolute faith in the future of their enterprise. But these gentlemen, if not possessed of originality, are exceedingly shrewd. The statement does not, as would appear at first sight, mean that they *will* necessarily accept shares. On the contrary, it is open to them to take the whole of the enormous purchase price—£200,000—in cash. Of course if the public does not swallow the bait the vendors will have to accept fully-paid shares, which they will be in a position to unload on the public at the earliest opportunity. The property for which this formidable sum is to be paid is in Norway. It was worked during the latter part of the last century, but has been shut down for at least a hundred years. Why a valuable mine should have remained silent all this while is not explained. Perhaps the directors think that an explanation might repel rather than attract intending investors. Every one knows that mines do not last for ever; indeed some last such a

very short time that it would be interesting to know how long the original owners had worked the property before they thought fit to cease their labours one hundred years ago. Inclined as we are to be sceptical of newly discovered mines, how little can a *fin de siècle* generation be expected to wax enthusiastic on the sudden revival of one neglected during a hundred years. No doubt Messrs. H. and C. Bache-Wiig, of Norway, think it advisable to offer their property for sale in England. But why should we exchange two hundred thousand solid English sovereigns for an antiquated Norwegian mine? A bird in the hand is worth thousands of prospective birds in an unseen bush.

#### MONEY FOR SHIPBUILDING.

The Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, Limited, is inviting subscriptions for £100,000 Five per Cent. Second Mortgage Debenture Stock at par. The directors evidently imagine their company to be so highly respectable that publication of details is quite unnecessary. In all humility we would point out the advantage of some statement as to whether any interest on the Ordinary shares has been paid, and why a business with half a million already subscribed in shares and debentures must borrow a paltry £100,000 to buy new property. An explanation on these two points would make the appeal more attractive—or the reverse—than it is at present. It is folly to imagine that any shipping business can borrow money without laying bare a few facts as to its position. Shipping is the most risky and speculative industry in the country. Some of the oldest and best known shipping businesses in the world have been living a hand-to-mouth existence for years. Of course we do not say this is necessarily so in the present case, but who is going to lend money on such a casual invitation?

#### A NEW BREWERY COMPANY.

J. W. Green, Limited, has been formed to acquire breweries at Bedford and Luton. The purchase-price has been fixed at £300,000, half of which is to be paid in cash. Before rushing into this enterprise prospective investors will do well to note the extremely vague and indefinite manner in which part profits are referred to. The public has suffered too much in the past to accept a guarded statement from accountants as to "progress" of the business, without any facts or figures. The Share Capital of the Company is £150,000 in 7,500 Five per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £10 each, and 7,500 Ordinary Shares of £10 each. There is also £150,000 First Mortgage Debenture Stock offered at 103, and bearing 4 per cent. interest, which is now offered for subscription.

#### ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

LEAMINGTON CYCLES (B. J., Kensington).—Many thanks for your letter. We have dealt with the subject above.

MOUNT LYELL MINING AND RAILWAY COMPANY (Mancunian).—You may place absolute reliance on what your friends tell you regarding this Company. If you obtain particulars from the Secretary, you will find that the figures speak for themselves.

AMERICAN RAILS (Colonel).—The shares you mention may be bought, but merely as a speculation. As a look-up security they are very risky.

MELLIN'S FOOD (E. R. P., Southsea).—You would do well to select these shares in preference to the others you mention.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### FLOGGING AS A PUNISHMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In the case of flogging in the Navy which your correspondents have been discussing, the boy, besides being flogged and imprisoned, was, if I recollect rightly, dismissed the service. If the Court thought the flogging would prove really efficient and make a good sailor of him, why was he dismissed? The question is not applicable to this case only. As a matter of fact flogging is often joined with dismissal in the prisoner's sentence. Can those who pass such sentences entertain any real belief in the corrective efficacy of the lash? Moreover, I observe that the judges who sentence prisoners to be flogged whenever they get the chance never rely on flogging alone. They always add

a term of imprisonment which other judges might regard as sufficient without the superadded flogging. And courts-martial evidently follow the same rule. They cannot trust flogging without imprisonment, and they often show their distrust of both by adding dismissal from the service. That a man can be rendered a good soldier, a good sailor, or a good citizen by simple flogging does not seem to be held by any one. The law may, indeed, require a sentence to include imprisonment as well as flogging, but if so the imprisonment might be merely nominal, and would in fact be so, if the Court had as much confidence in the efficacy of flogging as it professes to have. But under existing circumstances we never have a fair trial of what flogging can or cannot effect. One thing, however, is certain. Offences for which a man cannot be flogged have diminished as well as those for which he can. Garrotting is often referred to as a proof of the efficacy of the lash. But that crime has declined elsewhere than in England, and I believe in Scotland it was never punishable by flogging.

Nearly eighty years ago we abolished the flogging of women. Has the result been to increase the number of crimes committed by women?

There is, I believe, much more flogging at present in the Army, the Navy, and in our ordinary prisons than the framers of our Statutes contemplated, and I apprehend that it is the duty of the Government to see that the laws are carried out not only in the letter but in the spirit. Has the Home Secretary—the authorized reviser of sentences—ever remitted a flogging on the ground that no other Court would have passed that sentence, and that the Legislature never contemplated it—or even on the ground that the accompanying term of imprisonment was sufficient to satisfy the ends of justice without the flogging? I know of no such case.—Truly yours,  
A BARRISTER.

P.S.—Judge Day's sentences have been made the subject of comment in more papers than the "Saturday Review." Is it an accident that his father held a commission in the Army during the old flogging days? Since the foregoing letter was written I have learned that a Marine who was recently flogged at the Cape for refusing to work while in prison has now been transferred to the hospital to be treated as a lunatic. Have we first imprisoned and then flogged a lunatic? I hope this question will receive a clear and definite answer.

#### "AN APPRECIATION."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 September, 1897.

SIR,—In his generous attempt not to "damn with faint praise" the little volume "Sisters by the Sea," lately issued by Mr. Clement Scott for the delight and guidance of those who go down to the seaside in trips, I venture to think that Mr. Max Beerbohm has allowed his indiscriminate enthusiasm somewhat to overstep the mark. He describes "Sisters by the Sea" as a "masterpiece." Now, I feel confident that not even Mr. Scott himself would describe this particular one of his works as a masterpiece, and yet he knows a fine thing when he sees it—did he not discover in "The Derby Winner" at Drury Lane a play to make us lead nobler and better lives? Again, Mr. Beerbohm seeks to praise Mr. Scott by crediting him with a paucity of humour; he evidently has not heard Mr. Scott chortling over passages of Ibsen's plays which earnest persons like Mr. George Bernard Shaw have taken quite seriously. But my chief reason for this letter of protest is that, in choosing the two passages he has quoted as particularly fine specimens of Mr. Scott's prose, Mr. Beerbohm has really failed to do justice to a writer who, perhaps more than any other (not excepting Sir Edwin Arnold himself), has helped to make the largest circulation in the world throb in the great heart of the British Public. Not that I would deny the value of the quoted passages as revealing the writer's marvellous faculty of observation and masterly grasp of such essential details as bath-rooms, cellars and tariffs; but I would like, in justice to so many sided a genius, to quote a passage from another of Mr. Scott's books; something which in my opinion—and I am sure Mr. Beerbohm will agree with me—reveals more comprehensively and character-

istically the true Clement Scott. It is from "Blossom Land and Fallen Leaves," in which volume the frontispiece portrait of the author bears the pretty wish, in autograph facsimile, "May we meet in Blossomland!" The essay from which it is gathered is called "Leaning over a Gate"—the title, by the way, being dropped several times in the midst of the essay, always on a line by itself, as a kind of stimulant to meditation. As thus:—

"Leaning over a gate!

"It would be difficult to say how many times I have 'leaned over this gate' at various seasons of the year. Under the little avenue of stone pines that leads to the gate I have gathered the first snowdrops I could find nestling in a deep, dark green patch at the root of some wind-tossed tree. In the meadows that surround the farm, in the hedgerows, round and about the lanes, I have walked over acres of primroses and sheets of blue hyacinth. Here, leaning over this gate, I have seen the hay come home in June and the corn in August. Here I have stood sadly in the autumn desolation as the leaves in the old avenue fluttered to my feet. Here have I seen them cutting up the mangolds for the winter cattle fodder, and here at Christmas I have tramped round the muddy lanes and cattle paths, scarcely meeting a soul, seldom seeing a human being save one handsome, stalwart carter, who came here years ago from the other side of the county, who is never tired of telling you of his miraculous journey with his horses, who has scarcely ever been four miles from the village, who knows absolutely nothing of the world, and who, if he is puzzled about anything at all, it is concerning the mysterious stranger who at odd times and seasons, without warning or system, suddenly appears upon this peaceful scene, and leans contentedly over the gate.

"Silence prevails. The beasts are feeding in their stalls. A labourer creeps round the deserted homestead. Every footfall can be heard. Suddenly I appear, and lean over the gate. The man—this lonely carter on the deserted farm—looks up.

"'Hallo! sir! you here again?' This is all he says. It does not surprise him."

Now, this I venture to think shows Mr. Clement Scott at his very best. Here is the imaginative writing for which he is famed. And how dramatic it is. The lonely labourer and the leaning *littérateur*, suddenly face to face, over a gate! I would recommend Mr. Beerbohm a still wider acquaintance with the works of Clement Scott. He might yet learn much from a man who can tramp round muddy lanes while leaning over a gate.—Yours faithfully,  
A LOVER OF JUSTICE.

#### THE CONDITION OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 August, 1897.

SIR,—Being intimately acquainted with the coast-line and interior of the above island, from which I have just returned, I am in a position to contradict the statement of Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, that it is only since the railway was started that a journey across Newfoundland was possible; on the contrary, it was quite easy by canoe with only two portages, and I have performed it often twenty years ago. The mineral wealth of the island has also been much exaggerated; there are plenty of traces of mineral, but they have seldom paid to work. Only two mines are at present a financial success. The gold at Cape Broyle turned out a case of salting. As a fact the Colony is in a very bad way. An enormous debt, chiefly incurred to build an unproductive railway, for political reasons; a declining fishery, both as to catch and price; this is their only reliable asset, and it is a bad look out. The young men are leaving the island for Canada and the States; taxation must be further increased to pay the interest on the debt. The stupendous endeavour to puff the Colony is done with a view to raising another loan to tide over the difficulties for the time being. But the deluge is bound to come, and to revert to a Crown Colony is the only way to avoid it. Non-political people are in favour of this.—Yours,  
RICHARD DASHWOOD.

P.S.—Mr. Moses Harvey's last handbook on the Colony is a tissue more or less of exaggerations and misleading statements where he deals with the resources of the island.



## REVIEWS.

## MR. ARTHUR SYMONS'S ESSAYS.

'Studies in Two Literatures.' By Arthur Symons.  
London: Smithers. 1897.

IN the past so much of the finest criticism has been purely the result of the occasion offered, that it is pedantic to complain of the same phenomenon in the present. The school of great critics of the beginning of the century would scarcely have made a mark but for the accident that Hazlitt and Coleridge were called upon to lecture, De Quincey and Lamb to contribute to an ephemeral journal. The formation of literary opinion is the work of coral insects. Here one builds a fragment, and there another confirms it, and these volunteers are often of more signal service than the professional historians who endeavour to follow impartially the growth of literature. Mr. Symons is of the former type; one feels that he has written largely as opportunity came to him. His subjects are fragmentary, and have been selected by others under the modification of his own fancy. This is strikingly the case with the opening section of his volume, the studies in the Elizabethan age, but it is partly true in all. The volume is a selection of what seemed most durable in the miscellaneous work of some ten or twelve years of apprenticeship to the press.

Let it be said at once that Mr. Symons bears the test of republication remarkably well. There is a solidity, a unity in his view of literary objects which gives him an advantage over almost all other critics of his particular generation. He is guided, almost obstinately, by certain principles of æsthetic judgment; he adopts the same attitude towards all literary products; he is above all entirely candid, and engaged, so far as can be perceived, in "rolling" no "log." All this combines to form an intellectual austerity, which may occasionally irritate us in a single article or review, but which, in the course of a volume which is instinct with it, has an attractive side. Mr. Arthur Symons impresses the reader by his rectitude. Whether his opinions are correct must be decided by closer inquiry; but we get that satisfaction which is given by a writer who, though quite modest in delivery, is perfectly clear about his destination and entirely certain that he knows the road. In his eloquent letter of dedication he lays down the law of his own mind, and he has an amusing phrase. Having confessed himself a firm believer in a principle which is excessively questioned, he adds, naively:—"One forgets sometimes that it has entered into the brains of men to doubt anything so obvious."

The contents of this volume, therefore, are desultory, but held together by an unwavering persistence in stating an opinion in a personal way. First come seven studies on plays of Shakespeare, followed by essays on Massinger and Day. These do not appear to us to call for particular notice here. The Shakespeare essays formed part of the "Henry Irving" edition of the poet, issued and fully noticed many years ago. Mr. Symons has done well to separate these from the rest of a bulky enterprise, and they are worth preserving, although somewhat juvenile in manner and showing to some excess the influence of Mr. Swinburne. The essay on Massinger is full and competent; but Mr. Symons does not strike us as having been much interested in the subject; while that on John Day suffers from the difficulty of treating a writer whose outlines are all nebulous and vague. For instance, Mr. Symons quotes a pretty line, and says that it "bears the very sign and seal of Day." But how can we know what the sign and seal are of a dramatist four-fifths of whose works are lost, and who survives on the score of a single lyrical extravaganza of great, but probably not specially characteristic, beauty? This is the traditional way of talking about the Jacobean poets, which Mr. Swinburne, following Charles Lamb, has carried to such dangerous extremes.

In approaching the best authors of the middle of the nineteenth century Mr. Symons seems, however, to lose this slightly old-fashioned mannerism, and he writes of Christina Rossetti, of Coventry Patmore, of Walter Pater, with equal soundness and

felicity. His "downright" attitude, which assumes a little too much when speaking of such ill-defined themes as "Titus Andronicus" and the dubious plays of Massinger, is altogether in place when he deals with figures whom he has the opportunity of observing closely and fully. This review would degenerate into mere eulogy if we allowed ourselves to dwell on all the passages which, in reading these modern studies, we have marked in approbation of their happy penetration. How excellent is this of William Morris: "His very socialism, as I take it, was but an attempt at weaving the art of life into a beautiful pattern, and giving that beautiful pattern into the hands of poor people, in the hope that they might see its beauty." And this, of M. Zola's style: his "general use of words is, to be quite frank, somewhat ineffectual. He tries to do what Flaubert did, without Flaubert's tools, and without the craftsman's hand at the back of the tools. His fingers are too thick; they leave a blurred line." There never was a better definition of the inefficiency of M. Zola's coarse, strong talent in all the finer parts of writing. It is highly characteristic of what is most valuable in Mr. Symons's critical equipment that he is able, while fully admitting and enjoying the large characteristics of M. Zola's work, to apprehend clearly its artistic defects.

With the one exception of the study on "M. Zola's Method," the notes and impressions devoted to French writers are too short. This, of course, is due to the exigencies of space in the periodicals to which Mr. Symons has had the opportunity of contributing them in the first instance. Nowadays, in the glutted state of our press, occupied with a thousand forms of commercial and political actuality, it is a case of this or nothing; we must be thankful for what we can get. But this does not make it necessary for us to deny that a poet of the magnitude of Leconte de Lisle must be inadequately treated in two pages and a half. What is said is cleverly, gravely, incisively put, but so little is said! These French studies seem to be mainly funeral orations, wreaths of bay woven very rapidly and thrown into the grave. Sometimes the skill shown in the weaving is very remarkable; the "obituary notice"—for that is what it amounts to—of Théodore de Banville is quite complete so far as it goes; it touches with light every facet of a beautiful but not very complex nature. One little slip in proof-correcting strikes us. In the paper called "M. Huysmans as a Mystic," which is really a review of "En Route," Mr. Symons sums up by saying, "What will be the next step, one wonders? Whatever it is, it can hardly fail to be surprising." That was right enough when the review was written, but now every one, and certainly so well informed a critic as Mr. Symons, is entirely aware what M. Huysmans' "next step" is to be, and has partly witnessed his mode of taking it.

Those by whom Mr. Symons is loosely conjectured as a lover of perverse things, as one unduly ready to write of books of which he has just heard for the first time, or as an approver of violence and revolution for their own sakes, will be very agreeably surprised by the general character of this his first volume of collected criticism. If he has freaks of such a kind as we have indicated, he keeps them for the entertainment of the passing hour. Even his friends the Symbolists and Decadents, whom he has half playfully introduced to us, are seen by him in their true light when he turns to them in sobriety. He speaks of their experiments as having been tried "persistently, most ingeniously, never, I think, successfully." He has very wisely kept disputable matter out of this serious volume. He has felt that an element of the disturbing, the vexatious, is involved in the championship of such fashionable writers as Ibsen, Verlaine, and Maeterlinck. Mr. Symons is ready to champion them, of course, but he has shown a real tact in not taking this opportunity of doing so. Although he loves these battle-steeds of the upper journalism, he is really more suggestive, more valuable, when he is writing of quieter spirits, of poets and prose-writers who keep more closely in the line of tradition.

Hence he is peculiarly, typically, happy in writing about Pater, whom he knew, whom he understood, to whom in his own early work, as this volume abundantly shows us, he paid the tribute of discipleship in style. We

may dispute about Maeterlinck, but there is no doubt about Pater. He is in the centre of the line of light; he supports the great tradition; he is with Hooker and Berkeley and Ruskin; he carries on one generation further the living thread of elaborate English prose. Here, then, is a theme pre-eminently fitted for a scholarly and determined enthusiast. Criticism has but to analyse, to comprehend, to insist upon early and full appreciation. Yesterday a living friend, timorous and dejected, the prey of the irresponsible reviewer; to-morrow a classic, purified and intensified by death, not any longer knocking at the door, but seeking in serenity the due, immortal chamber in the Temple of Fame. This work of beatification, as a Catholic might call it, is one which Mr. Symonds accomplishes, or helps to accomplish, with equal zest and force. It is not too much to say that Pater, Patmore and Christina Rossetti are sensibly confirmed upon their pedestals by the admirably lucid and authoritative criticism of their latest admirer.

We think Mr. Symonds, like all critics of the higher class, is happier in praise than blame. Almost the only pages in this volume which we heartily dislike are those devoted to John Addington Symonds. The critic seems to have a hatred alike of the man and his work. He is so unfair to both as to seem almost venomous, and we are driven to a reaction in the opposite direction, recalling Symonds's high qualities, his passion for letters, his boundless intellectual sympathy, his impassioned humanism. And the critic, for once losing all that candour and austere honesty which are the charm of his general attitude, actually asserts that J. A. Symonds was "not a scholar." Either Mr. Symonds is unaware of the extreme accomplishment of Symonds as a Hellenist, or he sets up a standard of "scholarship" which few living men in Europe could hope to reach. We could wish this paper on the hermit of Davos Platz omitted. It is the only ill-natured page in a book full of excellent criticism, inspired by consistent habits of thought and supported in the old traditional forms of good breeding.

#### QUITE A NEW HUMORIST.

"Johnsonian Miscellanies." By G. Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1897.

THE most welcome element in humour is the Unexpected. From the professional humorists—your Mark Twains and Kiplings—we reckon on a supply of fun, and get it; but if the tap be turned on by, say, some grave recognized Pundit or Professor, the enjoyment becomes exuberant. Dr. Birkbeck Hill, who has edited much Johnsonian "stuff," as the dealers and brokers style their wares, has really imparted to merely dry bones a buoyancy and liveliness that make the reading of his lucubrations quite enjoyable. No doubt this was not exactly his intention; but the obligation remains. His notes to the "Life of Johnson" are quite a store of innocent and healthy amusement. The "Letters" are full of "good things," and here we have these "Miscellanies," in which he is quite up to his best form. It was Mr. Leslie Stephen, our Doctor proudly tells us, who suggested this completion. He was overwhelmed with the compliment and complied, turning aside from a long meditated onslaught on that fine classic, "The Lives of the Poets." This the accomplished critic had heard of, and possibly in some alarm, suggested this "hacking in pieces" of smaller deer. Oh, artful Mr. Leslie Stephen!

The common hum-drum editor usually begins by telling us about his text and his system of dealing with it, his authorities and the rest. These same old-fashioned fogies would talk about their Murphys, Piozzis, Hooles, &c., whose recollections are given here. Instead of such trivialities Dr. B. Hill gives a very lively and amusing account of a box of books and its travels from London to the Riviera. This was during his illness, for which we give him all sympathy. It led to "the necessity of passing all my winters abroad, on the banks of the Lake of Geneva or on the shores of the Mediterranean."

This was sad enough, and the victim tells us all about it in the fullest detail. It is altogether as piteous a story as we ever encountered. "Last year I sent off

from London a box of books to Alassio, on the Italian Riviera. Three weeks before"—mark!—"I myself started for that place. It was not till full five weeks after my arrival that they reached me. *Fifty-nine days* had they spent in traversing little more than a thousand miles. They had advanced at the rate of about three-quarters of a mile an hour. They were taken to Clarens on the Lake of Geneva, where I found them." During the winter more boxes of books were despatched, and with the same result. Happily came a slight improvement in the movement; "they used to creep at a somewhat faster pace."

An editor, "*however much he may be supported by the climate*," has to struggle against difficulties." So heart-rending were these that no wonder a bitter cry was wrung from the hunted persecuted man, and if a part of the allusion is somewhat dark and enigmatical, no wonder again: "The Kentish carrier, who, leaving Rochester betimes, delivered that same day a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger as far as Charing Cross, was making more expedition." Heaven save the mark! Gibbon; Alassio: boxes of books, gammons of bacon—*razes of ginger!*

A capital jest of our Doctor's is his proposal for an absolutely new way of writing books, so as to escape those very pardonable errors for which we should be indulgent, and which the snarling critics are too fond of ferreting out. The editor's withers seem to have been wrung somewhat sorely in this way; for in scornful style he says, "the imperfections are often more clearly seen by the editor than by the most sharp-sighted critics." Some foolish persons will of course say, then why let them appear? Dr. B. Hill's triumphant answer is, because the rewriting of a book when in proof costs a very great deal of money, which the churlish publisher will refuse to pay for. "Were the whole book in type and were cost of no moment, what improvements could be made!"

Aye indeed! So there could. The Doctor is quite right—though there are odd folk who make these "improvements" when their book is in MS. and cut and rewrite, cost being to them "of moment." Again, speaking of a famous letter of Johnson's for which some forty or fifty pounds was given, he compared it with—who shall guess it?—a fiddle of great price! for which he is shocked to learn that a sum "three or four times as much has been paid." *O Sancta simplicitas!* But this ignorance is of course put on only and part of the fun. Our D.C.L. slyly affects never to have heard of your "Strads" and "Amatis" for which twenty and thirty times as much has been given. And then the bitter protest, "The possession of such a letter surely confers *more distinction* than half a dozen fiddles!" A good and original idea this. We could thus fancy the owner of the Johnson letter being pointed out as he walked, "he possesses it." It "conferred distinction," whereas the fellow with his three or four fiddles, who would look at him?

One of our editor's best bits is that about the niche in Westminster Bridge. Mention had been made of a poor woman who sat "shivering in a niche of Westminster Bridge." A dull and prosaic incident; but it lets him give play to his fun and fancy. Johnson, he tells us, defines niche "as a hollow in which a statue may be placed." This is making your ground sure. Still, we have seen bridges—Waterloo, for instance—in which the niches were used exactly as the poor woman used *her* niche—to wit, for sitting in. But this by the way. The editor then goes to his "Dodsley's London," and there, he says, he "found that these recesses were intended to be filled with groups of statuary." From mere curiosity we turned to our Dodsley and read that "*between the niches*" (and not *in the niches*) "were pedestals on which statues were to be placed." So the poor woman was using her niche in the right way after all. We are afraid our facetious editor will never forgive us for thus finding him out.

Half the charm and piquancy is found in the fashion in which the editor springs on us something that is utterly unexpected, and has nothing to do with the subject. Speaking of Garrick's reputation in Russia he adds: "Strangely enough, a railway station in Russian is called *Vauxhall*." Some of us have heard of Vauxhall, which it seems consisted of "the famous



gardens in Chelsea." Of course they were on the other side of the river, but the editor knew this as well as "the most sharp-sighted critic"!

So, too, with "Burke in a Bag." Burke was said to have gone down a mine in a bag to save his clothes, and Johnson was merry on the topic, calling him "Burke in a Bag," &c. The editor, with praiseworthy anxiety lest we should make a mistake, cautions us: "The bag apparently was not the vehicle in which he went down, but a covering for his clothes." In effect he was not slung down in a bag whose mouth was tied up over his head. Then how natural that a bag should suggest a sack, and we are taken at once to Johnson's dictionary and the vestiary department of it, where we find that "sack is used of a woman's loose robe." Thus it is proved beyond dispute that Burke was not let down like a sack of flour.

Again, in his most playful way Dr. Hill tells the old story of Johnson's knocking down his bookseller Osborne with a folio. He treats it vivaciously, suggesting improvements and little "discoveries" to add to the interest, which of course have not the least foundation, and why should they? This Osborne, it seems, had once given Johnson a folio Shakspeare. How natural that the assault should have been committed with this volume! Though the editor admits "it is scarcely likely that Johnson would have brought it to Osborne, as schoolboys used to provide birch rods with which they were beaten." Nichols, who knew Johnson well, identified the book as the Greek Septuagint; but our Doctor demolishes him, as there is no such book found in the sale catalogue of Johnson's library. In our trivial way, we hesitatingly turned to Johnson's will, and there found the Greek Septuagint; which, as it was bequeathed to a friend, was not, of course, in the sale catalogue. Still, our editor hankers after his Shakspeare folio, and finding that it has passed into the possession of Sir Henry Irving, he asks, "May it not be the case that Sir Henry Irving's treasure is the great historic folio?" Of course Dr. B. Hill knows as well as we do, and as the eminent actor himself does, that it may not be, but 'twill serve.

Among the choice bits in these pleasantly recreative volumes is a Bill of Fare of Johnson's, which Dr. B. Hill has regularly edited. He treats it in his raciest style. On one occasion Johnson had for dinner "a roast leg of lamb and Spinatch," *crus coctum cum herbis* (the sage wrote it in Latin), with a turkey: a "farcimen farinaceum"—which according to our Doctor is to be interpreted as "a stuffing made of flour and raisins." This wonderful dish—lamb and spinach, and turkey stuffed with flour and raisins—must have made the worthy Johnson uncomfortable. Yet our editor thinks it "odd that the lamb and turkey were not followed by a pudding or sweets." This of course is only his "fun," for the "farcimen" is surely not stuffing for meat, but most likely the actual pudding, the absence of which the editor so laments, a sort of flour dumpling with raisins.

"Greek was like lace," Johnson once said; "every one gets of it as much as he can." Now common literal folk—and indeed women particularly—would heartily agree. They love their little bit of Brussels, or Guipure—and treasure it. But the editor in his comic way here gives a regular *demi-volte*. This lace that every one "gets as much of as he can" is not this sort of thing: Johnson meant common gold lace found on men's coats, &c. This was as much sought as Greek, and we could fancy the girls eagerly stripping off the lace from their sires' old coats to put by. Of course they never did anything of the kind; but it is a pleasant fancy of the Doctor's, all the same. And who can resist him when he actually furnishes quotations from "Irene," Ruddiman, "Joseph Andrews," Jeremy Bentham and Lord Chesterfield to prove that this gold lace *was* actually worn on coats by people of that era?

We know that our editor's feeling heart is stirred when he asks "Who was dying Jenny?" and in his preface he seems to bewail his hard fate in not being able to "throw light" on who the dying Jenny was. This tone of feeling lifts it into a thing of great pith and moment, which shows the editor's art. He longs to know about this "dying Jenny." Was she one of the menagerie at Bolt Court—a dear female friend—or

Johnson's "dearest dear"? From his paying a clergyman a few shillings to attend her, we venture humbly to speculate that she was a poor dependant—his maid perhaps. She did nothing, and nothing is told of her; no one cares about her. But still what an impressiveness in the editor's "Who was dying Jenny?"

Such is our arch-Boswellian's latest compilation. We can cordially recommend it to such of our readers as would while away an hour in a merry mood, have a hearty laugh—and who would not?—and can promise that they will find our Dr. Minor, not Dr. Major, a pleasant, if inaccurate, companion.

#### THE NATURALIST IN AUSTRALIA.

"The Naturalist in Australia." By W. Saville-Kent. London: Chapman & Hall. 1897.

THE antiquary taken with a sudden fancy for studying living types could not open the book of nature more hopefully than in the heart of the great Australian continent. For here he would not be rudely confronted with distasteful modern types, but could revel amid the unfinished models on which Nature tried her 'prentice hand in the fashioning of the mammals. No great Ice Age has laid its withering touch on that fair and mystic backwater of animate nature, and the pouched beasts that leap, silently and mostly by night, among the boulders or clamber amid the branches of gum and wattle are those that in forgotten ages roamed our own plains. Nor have the ancient types been ousted as elsewhere by more highly organized successors. The blackfellows and their warrigals, if not indeed some of the thirty rodents, arrived in that land, it is not unfair to suppose, in canoes, while the bats and aquatic animals have methods peculiarly their own for extending their range, whether by accident or design. But those great and important orders of the mammalia that predominate elsewhere, the apes and monkeys, the carnivora and the hoofed beasts, are wanting, though we find among the pouched inhabitants of the land feeble parodies of the higher forms. Our survey of the Australian mammalia carries us, however, lower far than these marsupials, and in the cool-blooded platypus and echidnas—the former chiefly known from rugs made of many skins or from wretchedly mounted specimens in the museum, the latter occasionally brought alive to European collections—we find at once the lowest and most remarkable of mammalian forms, half beast, half bird as to their reproductive functions. The birds of Australia, including as they do a number of forms, outwardly at any rate, identical with those of our own country, are less remarkable. The same swallow hawks mutely beneath the verandah, virtually the same magpie chatters pertly from the tree overhead. Yet even the children of air develop eccentricities in those parts: the largest of the kingfishers haunts the cities and suburbs, and seeks neither fish nor the waterside; many of the cuckoos build their own nest; the wood-swallows, so called, swarm like bees; while of architects there are the mound-builders, bower-birds and fairy-martins. Among both river and sea fish, too, we find wondrous types of great antiquity, as the Port Jackson shark and Queensland lung-fish; so it may be readily surmised that the zoology of the Australian region is of surpassing interest to the student of distribution; and that the "fossil continent" furnishes a number of treasures, their number almost yearly augmented by exploration, for the delight of those who study the higher living types in the light of comparison with the crude specimens first turned out of Nature's workshop.

The literature of this singular fauna is unaccountably meagre. The elaborate monographs of Gould are either out of print or out of date, or both; while the less pretentious travel-records of Bennett and Wheelwright, though full of interesting reading, lack the systematic treatment which the subject demands. Nothing more modern has appeared, with the single exception of a small introductory book recently noticed in these columns. Mr. Saville-Kent, of well-earned Barrier Reef reputation, had therefore, it was thought, a unique opportunity when he undertook to furnish a monograph on Australian zoology. The qualifications of the author

and the generosity of the publishers in the matter of illustration not only bear criticism; they are alike impeachable. Yet, perhaps because the repeated postponement of the book had unduly raised our expectations, we must confess to a feeling of surprise, bordering indeed on disappointment, at the "sketchy" way in which the author has availed himself of a chance that may not soon recur. With grateful memories of the careful detail observed in Mr. Kent's contribution to the marine zoology of the Barrier Reef district, we were not untroubled with doubts as to the extent to which the specialist would feel called upon to exert himself in systematically covering the wider field of the present work. In the preface, he disclaims, it is true, any attempt at presenting us with a systematic monograph; but this frank avowal merely served to confirm our fears at the eleventh hour, for no such contemplated absence of detail was mentioned, if we remember rightly, in the prospectus. Needless to say, Mr. Saville-Kent's sumptuous quarto, beautifully printed and illustrated with coloured plates, collotype plates and text cuts in lavish profusion, mostly after the author's careful and artistic photographs, must find a place in every well-appointed zoological library. Needless also to say, the author is at once entertaining and instructive on his favourite lizards, fishes and lower marine organisms, while his accounts of such things as the Abrolhos group and of the "white ants" will be followed with interest. Yet the disappointment remains. We are not disposed to cavil so much at Mr. Saville-Kent's frivolous manner, at the alliterative chapter-headings, such as "Vegetable Vagaries" or "Marine Miscellanea"—though we would consider them more appropriate over "turnover" articles in evening papers. Nor are we very seriously annoyed by such ornate phrases as those employed, for example, in depicting the amours of the Queensland spider: "The husband is too unsubstantial a morsel for even the tickling of his partner's palate." Whenever a careful observer like Mr. Saville-Kent woos the lighter vein, the result is somehow vaguely displeasing and oppressive; and we are prepared to suffer. But we are acutely disappointed at the grave and unaccountable neglect of the great mammalian class. There are reasons, irrespective of the continent which they inhabit, why the mammals should particularly invite study, reasons economic and scientific. They are nearest in organization to ourselves, they supply very many of our daily wants, and their anatomy and habits alike repay investigation. But the mammals of the Australian continent have, as already intimated, an especial attractiveness of their own; and both on account of their great antiquity, as well as for the sadder reason that their stay with us is inevitably a matter only of years, they must always monopolize a large share of the attention of the average naturalist who visits the country. Mr. Kent admits that no other group of land vertebrates exhibits their remarkable individuality; yet he has, without apology, seen fit to dismiss them in some fifteen pages of the introductory chapter, of which the kangaroo group are allowed only twenty lines, while the very interesting and much-discussed dingo has only one! Those portions of this handsome volume in which the author has written *con amore* of particular types that have attracted his notice form delightful reading, but even their merit is not sufficient to atone for the very grave omissions.

#### POETRY AND WATER.

- "Thames Sonnets and Semblances." By Margaret Armour and W. B. Macdougall. London: Elkin Mathews. 1897.  
 "Jubilee Greeting at Spithead to the Men of Greater Britain." By Theodore Watts-Dunton. London and New York: John Lane. 1897.  
 "Aphrœssa: a Legend of Argolis; and other Poems." By George Horton. London: Fisher Unwin. 1897.

**W**ATER, judiciously used, makes what it is mixed with go a long way. It makes twelve sonnets by Miss Armour go all the way from Vauxhall Bridge to the East London Docks, and, by giving the where-withal for twelve "Semblances" to Mr. Macdougall,

enables this pretentiously slight volume to make its appearance graced with a rather pretty cover. The book by its arrangement suggests a somewhat personal vision of author and artist sitting down side by side at each selected spot, and having a race which should be finished first, the sonnet or the semblance. It is generally the semblance that shows signs of haste in the doing. There is a certain amount of melody in the twelve ruminating sonnets with which Miss Armour has slowly browsed her way down both banks of Thames; but her thought has no particular beginning, middle, or end, nor much vital relationship to the matter in hand. The illustrations have a cheap sentimentousness, and are thready and homespun in texture; a few of them are decoratively composed, but none of them has yet found the originality of expression that all pretend to. Such snippets of work should not be turned into a book. The author and the artist are sympathetic in their attempts to back each other up; but their two negatives do not make an affirmative.

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton mixes even more water with his poetry than Miss Armour: yet off that thin brew his verses take to themselves all the airs and graces of a deep intoxication. Water is a good servant but a bad master, and we fear that here it has utterly mastered the brain of Mr. Watts-Dunton's patriotic muse. To use Nature's forces as a passing simile is all very well, but it palls upon one when in stanza after stanza the patriotic ardour of wind and wave is invoked for all things British, racial and political. Mr. Watts-Dunton does not carry his patriotism so far beyond the bounds of common-sense as the poet who told Alma's waters to "roll proudly," because on its banks its own countrymen were defeated—which was about as sensible as to tell the Thames to roll proudly because a Dutchman once swept it with his broom—but he clasps "Ocean's mighty waist" with "Britain's zone," and makes her waltz to a very English tune. On the arrival of the Armada we learn that the billows of the Channel, backing the winner beforehand, cried out "Ha! ha! they come, the ships of Spain!" and yet, in the very same verse, they were in ignorance of Nelson's death when the news of the battle of Trafalgar reached them. Does Mr. Watts-Dunton wish us to infer that his precious patriotic billows waited to be informed by the English newspapers? This is such poor stuff that it may be as well, lest we be charged with twisting our quotations, to let the thing speak for itself:—

"When foemen threat He smiles, He smiles!  
 Yea, England's guardian Angel stirs His wings—  
 Then out from furthest Scilly Isles  
 Right on by Deal a glittering laughter springs,  
 As when of old His billowy host  
 Cried out 'Ha! ha! they come, the ships of  
 Spain!'—  
 As when that day around the coast  
 The news of Trafalgar was tossed  
 Ere yet His billows knew what England lost—  
 What man lay slain."

Mr. Watts-Dunton's verse is not generally any better than this; but it is not usually quite so silly. His sonnet "England stands alone" contains some sensible, well put, but fairly obvious remarks; it is, perhaps, the most solid, the least washy thing in the book.

Luckily water has its place, even in poetry. A really poetic motive will do much for verse not in itself free from the diluting element. Such a motive has Mr. George Horton found in "Aphrœssa," a narrative poem giving in blank verse the story of a young Greek shepherd, of later days, lured to death by a Nereid. The poem does not begin strongly, but it becomes better as it goes, and if it does not contain any strong poetry it shows touches of true passion; it has much charm of colour in its descriptions of nature, and not a few touches of imagination. This is a pretty enough way of denying the growth of whiskers:—

"Nor had the sunny upland of his cheek  
 Put forth as yet a single tiny sprout  
 To hide the wild, red poppies of his youth."  
 And this is still better, upon better grounds—  
 "'Tis evening, and the shrill cicada's song  
 Has ceased among the feathery olive trees  
 How suddenly the quiet fell! but now



A million tiny prisoners of the grove  
Were rasping at the bars, when in a breath  
They stopped with one accord, as if they heard  
Night's footfall in the pillared corridors."

There are certain sensuous touches in Mr. Horton's love passages which are quite admirable. This little variant on Suckling's well-known line has an originality which makes it admissible:—

"The lovely toes, like white mice all asleep,  
Lay side by side."

And besides this the writer brings himself into our text by showing that he feels the mystery and charm of water as a poetic accompaniment to life, of water with its unfathomable voice so appealing to the sensitive ear, so suggestive of myth or legend such as this that he has woven round it. Therefore, though there is a certain admixture of water in this delicate Greek wine of his, we do fancy that we get from him some

"Touch of that poetic charm  
That sifts into the hearts of uncouth men,  
Who lodge apart beneath the large white stars  
And listen to the whispering wilderness."

#### TIMON OF FRANKFURT.

"Schopenhauer's System in its Philosophical Significance." By Professor William Caldwell. London: Blackwood. 1897.

PROFESSOR CALDWELL is mightily vexed at the perpetual successes of the Hegelians, who are carrying all before them not only in America, his adopted home, but even in his own native Scotland. He is jealous for the honour of Reid the refuted, and for the gloomy possible prospects of the Covenant and the Shorter Catechism. He has, therefore, conceived the bold notion of calling up Samuel (in the shape of Schopenhauer, the philosopher) from his grave, wrapping him in a genteel mantle, and setting him to prophesy against the disturbers of the Caledonian Israel. Schopenhauer as a writer is by no means dead. Of course not. He had the seeds of immortality in him, the gift of a masterful, lucid and vigorous style. He was also a man of the world, who understood the groundlings. He cursed and swore and kicked things about, not only his landlady but the visible framework of things, and the painful devices of philosophy and religion. He had a vast appetite; his biliary ducts were portentously enlarged; his voice was loud and raucous. He was no gentle spirit from the empyræan, but a man, such an one as ourselves—full of swagger and fermented liquids, ready to expound the unknown in terms of the known, and to resolve all high falutin' into its original hoggishness. The natural man finds Schopenhauer easy to read and not hard to assimilate: he distinctly likes to hear the old rascal scold away, with such atrocious peevishness, against all and sundry. It never displeases one to hear that the faces of men are but caricatures, their wits cretinous, and their morals those of the lowest pot-house. It is rather amusing to be assured that the real philosopher is he who damns most deeply; because, though the veriest dolt oneself, one feels that one is, so far, capable of playing the part of a very Socrates. But the place of Schopenhauer in the history of Philosophy is much the same as the place of the cow who resolved to stop the express. He adorns a tale and nothing more. Even Professor Caldwell knows that the real Arthur is well and fealty cut to pieces by his opponents; but the pieces may be collected, patched together, and used with corrections, he thinks, as a kind of philosophic Arthurian legend, for delight and edification. Schopenhauer's philosophy, if one may call it so, is simple enough. It arose out of Kant's great mistake, that behind phenomena and outside consciousness there was a thing in itself, which could never be known, because there can only be knowledge of what is inside consciousness. Schopenhauer hit upon the name of Will for this imaginary thing in itself, and of course quickly found that he had to modify the word Will very considerably for the purpose. He made it mean a mere jut, push, sway or tide in things, which somehow "struck a light for itself in intellect," but generally boggled and blundered blindly into a world of deceitful shows and knaveries. This black and un-

reasonable savage tide, called Will, throws up visible forms and sucks them back again; hence the world. Man is a wave containing a phosphorescent spark of mind in this dark tide. He is the sport of Will and a mere bit of Will, but he can know nothing about Will, because the Reason can only reach to the rational, and Will is by no means rational. But there is one possibility of backstairs escape, marked "for genius only." By a kind of sneaking accident of feeling or intuition or revelation a man may get to know the facts of the case, and then he must cultivate the pure ideas, such as Plato mentioned, as great realities. Art will help him to escape *e converso* from the intolerable nonsense of the universe. Schopenhauer was a comparatively uneducated man. He talked much of Science, but studied no sciences to speak of. He had great hopes for man in Art, but his own taste was poor and crudely vulgar, and he had no natural love of the lovely. He praised Plato as chief amongst the ancients, but never mastered even the "Theætetus" properly. He was a gloomy individualist, hugely proud and self-sufficient, loathing his fellows, despising history, the Church and State, and social aspirations and patriotism. He babbled much of sympathy, which he did not feel; and of metaphysic, in which he did not believe. Above all things he hated Hegel, because Hegel proclaims that the world is intelligible, and that an eternal Reason is unfolding itself in history and the institutions of men. It seems a pity to bring up this gloomy, impatient, unpleasant, snarling Teutonic ban-dog from his Tartarus; but Professor Caldwell hopes that Schopenhauer will do more than mumble the calves of the Hegelian poachers, that he will fetch and carry shortly for the elders of the Conventicle. Dust and ashes, total depravity of man, no hope in reasoning, crucifixion the law of life, the will the sole seat of virtue, predestination, and so on—all these doctrines must sound very familiar to those who affect that dour and northern faith which is humorously called orthodoxy. Of course there is no God, no hope, and no consolation for mankind in Schopenhauer; but these little things may be managed in the appendices supplied by able editors. "He ought, as it were, at this point to have trusted more," says the author innocently; but hastily qualifies his words "if we can think of him, as capable of trust or faith—in the reality of our consciousness." If he had but supplemented his bad reasoning by worse faith, he would have been much more likely to command admiration especially in northern latitudes, there can be no doubt; but might not similar things be said of all blackguards and ruffians else? If the "busters" (or forceful criminals) of London were to employ in glorious battle or in humanitarian labour the energy they now expend in kicking the police or impoverishing the public, they would all shortly become heroes and saints. Unfortunately their theory of life is exactly contrary to these things, and so is Schopenhauer's to the trust, patience, and ultimate semi-optimism which his shade is to teach. The object of this book is therefore to advise us to use the Ethiopian, but first to change his skin; and the advice is vain and nugatory. But in other respects the book is useful. The author deals faithfully with his curriish friend. He has curried him with an unsparing hand. Seven-and-twenty of his major failings are chronicled and revealed. The truths under Schopenhauer's fallacies are carefully exhumed, and displayed with the skill of a good curator. A few split infinitives, unaccented Greek phrases, one or two pages of sheer nonsense and a too indiscriminate use of the word "idea"—these are the worst actual faults in the book.

#### GREEK TOMBS.

"Sculptured Tombs of Hellas." By Percy Gardner, Litt.D. London: Macmillan. 1897.

"A Handbook of Greek Sculpture." By Ernest Arthur Gardner, M.A. London: Macmillan. 1897.

DR. GARDNER, except in a matter to be mentioned immediately, has produced an admirable treatise on a difficult subject. He is acquainted with the latest researches of the learned. The systematic study of Egyptian archæology which recent years have seen enables him to begin with a knowledge of the subject

and of all the circumstances which bear upon it hitherto hardly to be attained. The book is nevertheless defective, through the fault rather of the publisher than of the author. There is no index. In the preface Dr. Gardner says, "In a work of this kind, which does not attempt completeness, but is methodical in arrangement, the best form of index is a detailed table of contents and list of engravings." Most readers would gather from this statement that the book contains "a detailed table of contents," and that the very beautiful, numerous and well-selected illustrations would be accompanied by an adequate list. But the Contents are most meagrely set out, and the very first plate of all is not so much as mentioned. It represents a very interesting group of sculptured monuments, about which we should be glad of some information. The print is marked "Plate I.," but has no title; and in the list "Plate I." is described as being on page 3, and representing a "Lying in State." We find on that page, not "Plate I." but "Fig. I.," with a very archaic picture from a terracotta tablet of a funeral scene. This kind of carelessness is calculated to deter a reader whose curiosity is excited by the frontispiece, and who is anxious to learn all about it. Professor Gardner's work will be most useful to those who have visited Athens, and who, therefore, know where such monuments are to be found. To the tourist the want of an index makes this book practically useless; but perhaps Messrs. Macmillan wish to intimate that they do not undertake to cater for the ordinary tourist.

The first chapter is devoted to burial customs in Greece. About funeral rites the Greeks had "very strong feelings," like the Egyptians. "The first and most important duty of an heir" was to see that interment took place with all the due ceremonial. What that was is carefully detailed and fully illustrated, one of the pictures, "The Deposition at the Tomb," being a beautiful drawing from a white Attic lekythos. The next chapter, also charmingly illustrated with scenes from painted vases, is on "The Worship of the Dead." Professor Gardner describes "the liberality" of those who made offerings at the tombs of their chiefs and warriors. The further back we go the greater was this liberality, and the richest graves yet discovered are those of a prehistoric period. Armour, ornaments, swords, arrows, drinking cups, sceptres, and other objects of gold were found at Mycenæ, enough to stock a whole museum. Terra-cotta takes the place of gold in most of the later Greek tombs; and the contents of a child's coffin are displayed in a very careful and minute cut on page 14. Chapter III. investigates the Greek doctrines as to a future life, and especially the tenets of the sect known as Orphists, by some called Pythagoreans.

A disquisition on the "prehistoric age" comes next. The earliest date indicated for the so-called Beehive tombs seems to be about the fifteenth century before our era: that is the time of the eighteenth dynasty in Egypt. The civilization of Greece which produced the wonders unearthed by Schliemann was developed long before what we call the Homeric age, and some have not hesitated to denominate it Phœnician. At this point Dr. Gardner is very cautious, and we must refer to his book for the opinions of Mr. Evans and other authorities. The next chapter relates to Asia Minor. "There can be little doubt," says our author, "that if excavations were carried out on a large scale on the coast of Asia Minor, amid the Aeolic and Ionic settlements, we should be able to bridge the gap now existing between prehistoric and historic Greece." He gives illustrations of the remarkable sculptures which have already been discovered. The most interesting of the archaic grave monuments are those of the Xanthus Valley, and among them the Harpy Tomb, which is now in the British Museum. In the same collection is a Lycian sculpture representing a Siren.

With the sixth chapter we reach Greece again, and have a plate of a carving, now at Berlin, which was found at Chrysapha, in Sparta. The Spartan tombs bear no names, and the most remarkable thing about them is their testimony to the high esteem in which women were held. "Sparta was the city in all Greece where women were held in the highest honour." The best examples of Spartan sculpture are in the Museum

at Athens, and Professor Gardner goes into some detail in describing them. We next come to the far more artistic sculpture of Attica, and Plate III. shows us a beautiful group. Here all we have learned from the former chapters comes in, and Dr. Gardner can say "I have already dwelt on these facts from the point of view of custom and cultus; it remains to show their working in the field of art."

To art accordingly the rest of the book is devoted, and as the illustrations are numerous and good the reader will find it pleasant to linger here. A votive tablet from Tarentum, where there was a Dorian colony, represents two beautiful goddesses with a horse's head between them, and will be generally admired, as will an engraving of a stele in the Athens Museum, on which funeral rites are very curiously depicted in low relief. A chapter on portraits will be read with interest. Two seated figures of mourners, from statues in the Vatican and at Berlin, together with Professor Gardner's remarks upon them, are extremely instructive. A large number of the illustrations to this chapter represent objects in the Athens Museum and are of great value to the student. The family groups, which come next, can only be described as affecting. The parting of Orpheus and Eurydice is well figured from the beautiful tablet at Paris. At the end of his volume Professor Gardner enters on the highly controversial questions which are concerned with the Mausoleum and the still more difficult subject of the sculptured coffins found near Sidon and now at Constantinople. We have heard much of both during the past few years, and may well hold back from expressing an opinion until authorities are better agreed.

The second part of Mr. Ernest Gardner's "Hand-book" will be found an excellent companion to his brother's work on the sculptured tombs of Greece. The new views, now almost universally adopted, as to the dates of the statues we most admire, such as the "Victory" of Olympia and the "Dying Gladiator," are well and fully stated, and we may safely recommend the little volume as a guide to students.

#### MEMORIES OF NO IMPORTANCE.

"An Old Soldier's Memories." By S. H. Jones Parry, J.P., D.L., late Captain Royal Dublin Fusiliers. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1897.

WHAT is here dished up for the benefit of the public might bore or amuse (according to the listener) in the smoking room of a country home but was scarcely worth perpetuating in print. Mr. Jones Parry, as he apparently prefers to be called, served for some time in India, and during that time saw the Mutiny and two other campaigns. He does not appear to have been a very keen soldier, for he left the service as soon as he could get his pension, and he has a grievance in that he did not get a brevet on retirement. He says "any recognition of his service was impossible," "because he did not live within 100 yards of the Horse Guards," whereas, with his experience, he should know perfectly well that brevet rank is not conferred on retirement, although honorary rank was so under certain warrants. But he maintains that "these men" (who had served through the Mutiny) "with medals on their breasts, aye, and scars beneath them, have had but scant reward." How do they stand by the side of recipients of the D.S.O.? Why, they are simply superseded. Does it strike the author that Lord Wolseley and Lord Napier, and Sir Evelyn Wood and Lord Roberts went through the Mutiny, and did they get no reward? or did they all live within 100 yards of Pall Mall? The grievance, it seems, lies in the fact that the D.S.O. confers social precedence, while a medal, or even the Victoria Cross, does not. But the D.S.O. was introduced in order to remedy the very anomaly of which our author complains, namely, that subalterns were neither eligible for the Bath nor for a brevet, and in consequence, however gallant their deeds may have been, they occasionally perhaps passed unrewarded unless performed after some years' service. But, even as it was, "the heroes of Lucknow" all or nearly all managed to come to the front, as the names we have already mentioned and many more besides amply testify. We have all



of us heard at times plenty of memories of this nature from garrulous old gentlemen who think they were more valuable than they probably were, but veterans don't fortunately often ply their pens as readily as this one. Most of his reminiscences are of a very paltry order, and read like the schoolboy scribble of a young subaltern. "Bellary is a beastly station; we were singularly fortunate in our officers' wives: they are charming." "David Brown was a strict but most kind adjutant. He used to call me a cheeky youngster now and again." These are fair specimens, culled at random, of the sort of stuff which we drearily wade through for 300 pages. There is nothing witty or amusing to enliven the prosy record; no new light is thrown on the great events which occurred at Cawnpore and Lucknow, while even Lord Clyde and Neill seem oppressed by the surrounding atmosphere and grow commonplace. Some of the earlier portion is more or less interesting, because it reveals a state of things so widely different from what we see round us to-day. Thus the description of the target practice, or "ball fire," in vogue when our author joined perforce raises a smile, even if it be an indignant one, at the apathy of the officers who were contented so to train their men for war. A target, six feet by two, was placed at a hundred yards, with a bull's-eye in the centre half a foot in diameter. "If a man made a bull's-eye, he shouldered arms and marched home. If three bull's-eyes were made, the company was excused further practice"! In consequence, "many men seldom, if ever, fired their muskets at all, and, when they did, were so frightened at the kick, that they got to look on target practice as a curse." But such plums as this one are very few and far between, and on closing the volume our chief feeling was a sense of wonderment as to why Mr. Jones Parry had thought it worth while to write it at all.

#### LOMBOCK.

"With the Dutch in the East: an Outline of the Military Operations in Lombeck, 1894." By Captain W. Cool, Dutch Engineers. Translated by E. J. Taylor. London: Luzac. 1897.

"**W**AS it possible," asks the author of this work, "for us to refuse the flattering request of our former comrade, in collaboration with whom we published 'A Beautiful Page from Atcheen's History,' once more to join hands and undertake a similar task?" Scarcely, perhaps; but it is a pity the translator did not see fit to condense rigorously the elaborate, precise, and verbose narrative of Captain Cool concerning the military operations in Lombeck three years ago. We cannot believe that the subject is of such enthralling interest to Englishmen as to warrant this lengthy blue-book treatment; and we should be inclined to say that as it stands the story is too intolerably diffuse and dull even for a Dutch stomach. Mr. Taylor has taken upon himself the responsibility of reducing the chapter on the early relations of the Dutch with Bali and Lombeck to "a more readable quantity." He should have gone further, and, recollecting that he was appealing to a people whose interests in his subject are limited, have brought the whole narrative down to this condition. By the merciless excision of bald irrelevancies, and by the toning down of the author's redundant style, he might have reduced the work to reasonable proportions and have thereby made it really valuable in its way. We have not read the original, and have no desire to read it; so we will give Mr. Taylor all possible credit for accuracy. But he is too literal. He thinks it necessary to reproduce what we take to be the author's arrangement of the paragraphs and the author's generous use of notes of exclamation when there is nothing to wonder at; and our irritation on these grounds is heightened by the long thin type, closely packed, which betrays the foreign origin of the work as a piece of typography, and is anything but beautiful.

"Come," says Captain Cool through the medium of Mr. Taylor's translation, "let us together examine this land and its people and find out what is known of them and what our former connexions with them were!" As to the former connexions, we ask to be excused; even Mr. Taylor's labour of condensation fails to make the chapter readable. We gather, however, that the

Dutch have not been too conspicuously kind to the peoples of Bali and Lombeck during their three centuries' connexion with them, and that the peoples themselves have not displayed too much fondness for, or been too tractable in their relations with, the Dutch. The exhaustive details given of the inhabitants and their customs are interesting and in large measure new; but they are of the nature of raw material—a student of ethnology with literary instincts was wanted to work them up and make a connected narrative of them. But very few scientists—Dr. Russel Wallace is a conspicuous exception—have studied the peoples and the natural conditions of the Eastern Archipelago; and therefore we may be thankful for what Captain Cool has told us from his own experience and from that of other travellers about the Balinese and the Sassacks, who are the aboriginal residents of Lombeck. They are dreadful savages, of course; "their customs are barbarous, and morals they have none." It may be that contact with the civilizing influences brought along by the Dutch will knock the ugly corners off their national characteristics. Those who desire to learn something about them as they are now, before civilization's effacing fingers alter them beyond recognition, might do worse than read Captain Cool's third chapter. It only runs to 110 pages.

#### DEVOUT STUDY.

"The Sermon on the Mount." By Canon Gore. London: Murray. 1897.

**T**HERE is a great deal of nourishment in this book, but more hope; for it is by work on these lines that the Church of England will finally obtain some more solid unity. The chief attraction of the school which Canon Gore represents is the attempt to combine the strong points of the old three parties—the personal devoutness of Simeon, the historical sense of Pusey and the free critical spirit which has been too exclusively the prerogative of men who had neither of the other qualities. It is a welcome standpoint, and commands attention and praise, none the less because the writer cannot always maintain the standpoint which he has chosen. His intentions are always honourable if his legs are sometimes weak. Canon Gore has also modelled his style upon Newman perhaps a little too obviously; for no one can quite do that without suffering damage by comparison. Still the book is a noteworthy one and will serve a better purpose than the author intends. It will be to many people an introduction to a belief such as a modern man can hold without cant, without conceit, without confusion and without contradicting the verities he sees about him. But the inquirer is not unlikely to look upon one or two of Canon Gore's conclusions with suspicion almost amounting to repugnance, most particularly the very questionable chapter upon "Reserve in Communicating Religious Privileges." The passage about pearls before swine is admittedly a hard saying. Few hard sayings have been so much abused. It was quite evident to the Novatians that it was hereby forbidden to restore the lapsed to communion. It was equally clear to the mediæval mind that the Scriptures were hereby forbidden to be read in the vulgar tongue. The esoteric Gnostics, both ancient and modern, have been delighted to read into it a justification of their mutual admiration societies, and to consider that they have high sanction for their complacent superciliousness. The Alexandrine school considered, less unwisely, that we had better always speak in parables; and in general nobody applies the words to himself. Many of the authoritative writers, perhaps most, regard the holy things as equivalent to the Eucharist, and the command to mean that we should receive the same in a state of grace. Even Calvin resists the temptation to dub the ordinary man dog and swine: "Non patitur caritas," he says, "eos statim haberi pro deploratis." Canon Gore, however, refuses to be warned. He has assimilated the pernicious teaching of that misguided book, "Pastor Pastorum," and insists upon some modified and rather tentative doctrine of economy, which doctrine has been the bane of vain and weak-witted

teachers in every century, and he broadly hints that those who have not "some measure of spiritual appetite" are assuredly comparable to these uncomfortable animals. In addition to this, he draws out, forsooth, a fine and wholly sophistical difference between judging and discriminating. It would be far better to say frankly that the context of the fragment in question is lost, that it reads like a piece out of some controversy with the Pharisees, and that as it stands it seems to have no connexion with the rest of the sermon. But there seems no need to do this. If we look upon the saying simply as one which forbids heated and scornful religious controversy, we shall escape Canon Gore's pitfall and interpret according to context as well.

The teaching about Divorce in this book is also unsatisfactory. Canon Gore presses for no re-marriage (that is to say, for no divorce), as far as the Church is concerned. But he would allow the State to re-marry and would admit the innocent and civilly re-married to communion. This is certainly a miserable backstairs evasion. The majority of citizens are, let us say, Churchmen. If they listen to this teaching they must vote one way and believe another. They must believe that all divorce (*a vinculo*) is utterly wrong, but must throw the State to the dogs, support this wrong civil law and wink the other eye at those who appeal to the State against the Church. The otherwise excellent proposal that all marriages should be civil, with religious ceremonies *ad libitum* afterwards, would simply conceal from the citizen that he was expected to serve two conflicting masters. If Canon Gore appeals to the 106 Canon, he ought to be logician enough to go on to the next Canon and insist that Archbishop Temple should suspend Sir Francis Jeune and nullify all his decrees *nisi*. Canon Gore has the defect of his qualities, and sometimes combines views which so neutralize one another as to end in nonsense; but it is queer to find him, of all men, ending in the nonsense which divorces religion from politics.

#### A GEOGRAPHICAL LIBRARY.

"Nouveau Dictionnaire de Géographie Universelle. Ouvrage commencé par M. Vivien de St.-Martin et continué par Louis Rousselet." 7 vols. With Supplement. London and Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1897.

SEVEN quarto volumes, each of about 1,000 pages, and the whole containing about 20,000 columns, seem quite enough to contain all that the most exacting reader is likely to want to know about "the kingdoms of this world and all the glory of them." But evidently they are not; for no sooner is the last volume completed than Messrs. Hachette & Co. have begun the publication of a Supplement which threatens to be not far short in size of the original work. This is the necessary penalty of publishing a work of reference on the system adopted in the case of this magnificent gazetteer, begun by the venerable and learned French geographer M. Vivien de St.-Martin some seventeen years ago. A work of reference like this loses much of its value if it is not up to date; and this it cannot be if issued in parts spread over so many years. It is an unfortunate arrangement of nomenclature, for example, that the names of all the continents except Europe begin with A and come into the first volume—Africa, America, Asia, Australia. These are just the parts of the world in which changes are daily taking place; new discoveries are being made, and political acquisitions and readjustments are of constant occurrence. This is especially the case in Africa. Since the original article was written, the "Scramble for Africa" has occurred, and the continent has been opened up by exploring expeditions without number. The result is that the article on Africa in the Supplement has had to be to a large extent rewritten, and is nearly as long as the original. But this is unavoidable; for it is impossible, we fear, to issue a work of this kind except in parts or volumes extending over years. We are, therefore, thankful to Messrs. Hachette for beginning the issue of a Supplement without delay.

The work is without a rival in any language; there is nothing of any value corresponding to it in English, though the new Gazetteer issued by Messrs. Longmans

is excellent so far as it goes, and is likely to satisfy the wants of the majority of English readers. The longer articles in the French work are dealt with on a common and satisfactory method, and in great elaboration. Articles on continents, countries, great cities, oceans, mountain systems, large rivers, and other important geographical items, are elaborate and almost exhaustive treatises. They are followed by extensive bibliographies, invaluable to the student, though their value would have been enhanced had some conception been given of the relative importance of the authorities quoted. Of course there are tens of thousands of smaller articles, some of them only two or three lines, about places of which all that can be told is what they are and where they are. So far as Europe goes, towns of less than 1,000 inhabitants are not admitted, unless for special reasons. This is a rough and ready way of deciding whether a place is worthy of admission, but absolute exhaustiveness is, we fear, impracticable, though one never knows what insignificant place may attain notoriety in to-morrow's newspaper. Elsewhere the limit is low enough. It would no doubt be easy to pick inaccuracies and deficiencies, sins of omission and commission, out of these 20,000 columns, but in the space at our disposal here it could only be done scrappily, and that would serve no good purpose. The editors have been assisted by a large and competent staff, and all have evidently done their work with thorough conscientiousness. It would have been useful, no doubt, to have had an English edition of this great work, and at one time, we believe, there was some prospect of this; but, after all, most of those who are likely to want to consult a work of this kind know enough of French to enable them to do so. To all who can afford it we commend the work, which is not dear.

#### FICTION!

"The Winds of March." By George Knight. London: Jarrold. 1897.

MR. KNIGHT'S hero is a curate, but not of the kind for whom the young ladies of his congregation work slippers, nor yet one of the callow, strenuous sort who think to quiet the murmurs of discontent with a text, or to alleviate the misery of the slums with blankets and a few coals. The Rev. Antony Magnus was a man before he was a curate, and his story is the story of the fight between his virility and a mistaken ideal of asceticism. After wading through page upon page of dreary novels, full of bad grammar and that half-learning which is the only equipment of so many writers who get their books published somehow or other, the reviewer may be pardoned if he is almost tempted to overpraise so well written and in many ways powerful a book as "The Winds of March." Its action passes in Liverpool, where Antony Magnus was curate, and Mr. Knight knows his working Liverpool to its lowest depths. The story of the dockers' strike, of the riot and of the defeat of the men, is one of the most powerful bits of work in the book; whilst the impression of Liverpool, the second city of the Empire, as an entity is skilfully expressed and forms an effective setting, now grim, now lurid, to the story. But it is the story itself for which Mr. Knight deserves most praise. Antony Magnus, like St. Antony, was tempted by the flesh, like him he fought long and valiantly against temptation, but, unlike the saint, the ascetic Antony Magnus lost the fight and the greater Antony, the man, won. What manner of man he was may be gathered from the two portraits of him drawn by the woman he loved: "one was that of a monk—a grave, austere face, with vigil and fasting written in the lank planes of the cheek, and dogma in the cold mouth. The tonsure had torn its ruthless way through a mass of fine curls that the scissors could not wholly subdue, and a haughty throat rose out of the coarse frieze of the grey frock which showed at the bottom of the sketch. But the eyes were the picture, and they blazed with humanity. They might have been the eyes of some indomitable martyr, so full of tragic sacrifice and suffering were they. The same face looked out from the other oval, but in a different guise. The light, winged helmet of a viking surmounted the close curls, the

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mouth was red-lipped and joyous beneath its crisp moustache, the cheeks were brown and tanned with the winds of the North Sea, a mail shirt clung about the proud neck. The eyes were full of wild light and fierce exultation. . . . And the face of each was the face of Antony Magnus."

This is striking a high note, but Mr. Knight maintains his story at its level successfully throughout. Two slight faults there are in the book which it was probably impossible to avoid. Antony's temptress, Barbara Cameron, has to be made superhumanly clever and attractive, just as St. Antony's temptress was superhumanly beautiful. Barbara was not only charming and pretty, frankly Pagan and Catholic in her sympathies; she was also a gifted artist, an accomplished violinist, and a Doctor of Medicine—a prodigy, in fact, of all the abilities and virtues. The other fault is that Antony is made to enter the Order of the Franciscans, and it needs a severe wrench to get him out of it again, not to mention that Mr. Knight has to take some liberties with the regulations of the Order. But these are small blemishes in an otherwise excellent story. Mr. Knight's characters are all drawn with insight and power, the smaller ones as well as the principals. Pollie Jefferies, especially, who cannot marry the decent fellow she lives with because he has previously been inveigled into marrying a publican's drunken daughter, is well sketched. "It's sin, none the less, Pollie," says the Rev. Antony. "Then there's plenty bigger," retorts Pollie, and the man inside the curate admires her pluck. Mr. Knight is the upholder of a frank, clean, human sensualism, as opposed to the strained ascetic view of life, and we confess we like his book, not for this alone, but because he can also write good honest English, has a real story to tell and tells it with dramatic fitness, and can make his characters live before us like real men and women.

"The Light of the Eye." By H. T. Chaytor. London: Digby, Long. 1897.

Mr. Chaytor has evidently heard something about Theosophy and has read "The Moonstone." These are rather scanty materials out of which to make a book, and "The Light of the Eye" cannot be called a success. It is badly constructed and written in the fluent shallow style which is common enough in certain weekly journals. "The Light of the Eye" was a cigar-shaped jewel which passed a portion of its career in India but was stolen and brought to England by a Mr. Lanchester. Its peculiar property was that it conferred immortality upon the man who swallowed it by enabling him to rob other people of their "vital force." Mr. Chaytor explains this by saying that it turns the swallower into a vampire, though the "vital force" appears to be extracted by a sort of hypnotism. However, Mr. Lanchester is murdered and the jewel disappears. Then people begin to fall down in the London streets in a state of mysterious collapse, from which they never recover, until at last a Hindoo is arrested, on what charge it is impossible to find out, the jewel is recovered and dropped into the Thames. Something might have been made of the story by skilful telling; but Mr. Chaytor has no gifts that way. He gives us a more than usually impossible detective, and all the impossibilities of his story are made more incredible by his lack of skill. A little medical knowledge would have revealed to him the one initial and fatal impossibility that such a jewel as described, if swallowed, would not be retained in the body; but this is a difficulty he does not seem to have even perceived.

"The Scuttling of the 'Kingfisher.'" By A. E. Knight. London: W. H. Addison. 1897.

This is another detective story, in which there is nothing supernatural, but which is even more impossible than the last. There are, no doubt, a number of duffers at Scotland Yard; but Sergeant Dyce is such a bungling idiot that the most greedy devourer of detective stories would refuse to recognize him as one of the "sleuth hounds of crime." Mr. Knight, however, seems to think he is all right, and plods along stolidly with his absolutely uninteresting account of the

villainies of certain shipowners, themselves such bunglers in crime that the veriest novice could have nabbed them red-handed before the "Kingfisher" left port. The book is a quite worthless one.

"The Golden Crocodile." By F. M. Trimmer. London: Ward & Downey. 1897.

Mr. Trimmer is by no means a Bret Harte, but he tells in "The Golden Crocodile" a fairly good story of mining in the Western States. Harry Singleton, the hero, is an ordinary decent kind of fellow, who as a "tenderfoot" gets cleared out by a cunning mining agent, but who retrieves his fortunes after a narrow squeak, and marries the Mormon bishop's daughter with whom he is in love. That is all. The book is much too long for the story it has to tell, and has not much wit or humour to redeem its length, but it will pass an hour or two pleasantly in the hands of the uncritical reader.

"In the Crucible." By Grace Denis Litchfield. London: Putnam. 1897.

There is nothing strikingly new or original in Miss Litchfield's latest work. It is of the type which so many American authors, and English ones too, for that matter, can manufacture by the yard, at so much a length. In decent English it tells how a very handsome young lady marries the wrong man, because the right one believes himself to have involuntarily caused the death of another man. Of course both the young lady and the discarded lover subsequently discover the truth, that the husband was really the guilty person, but both repress their feelings and determine to be good. The husband takes to gambling, commits forgery, and poisons himself during the earthquake at Mentone. Then after a decent interval of mourning the two right ones get married at last and reap the reward of their virtue. "In the Crucible" is not a bad novel; neither is it a good one. It is merely one of the mighty host of mediocre works which are produced every year to satisfy the capacious appetites of leisured, uncritical readers.

"The Mutable Many." By Robert Barr. London: Methuen. 1897.

Mr. Barr's new book—which, by the way, first saw the light in the pages of "Tit-Bits"—is a story about a strike. The clever and somewhat unscrupulous manager of the ironworks, the wicked Trade-Union secretary, the starving labourer with a starving daughter who plays the harmonium, are all here exactly as one expects; while light comedy is provided by the vagaries of an impressionist artist of great celebrity. All Mr. Barr's characters have the consecration of remembrance, and every novel-reader must have met them many times before. The tale is not well written, and, except for an impossible caricature of what the author calls "the Impressionist" school of art, contains nothing in any way original. The mathematical certainty with which the good young workman—who, probably because he is the hero of the book, talks most excellent English—goes on and prospers is, we should have thought, a trifle too obvious even for "Tit-Bits." "The Mutable Many," whatever that may mean, has few pretensions to any kind of merit.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

THREE important biographical works are in course of preparation by Mr. Edward Arnold. The "Recollections of Aubrey De Vere" cover the greater part of the nineteenth century and give vivid pictures of the struggle over the Reform Bill and the poet's close friendship with such celebrities as Wordsworth, Hartley and Sara Coleridge, Frederick Denison Maurice, Manning and Newman. "The Life and Letters of John Arthur Roebuck" will be chiefly of political interest, dealing with the Radical statesman's Parliamentary career from 1832 to his death in 1879. A reproduction of the portrait by Mr. Watts accompanies the volume. The third biography is "A Memoir of Miss Clough," the late Principal of Newnham College, written by her niece.

The subject of destructive engines of war has been rather overworked lately; but it will doubtless receive

fresh treatment at the hands of M. Jules Verne in his new romance, "For the Flag." Messrs. Sampson Low are publishing it, together with a second novel from the same fertile pen, entitled "Clovis Dardentor," and dealing with travel and adventure in Tunis.

The history and growth of the United States Navy will be sumptuously treated in a work which Messrs. Sampson Low are preparing. Mr. Frederick S. Cozzens supplies twenty-four full-page water-colour drawings not only of vessels of modern date but of all the American fighting ships since 1773. The literary matter is undertaken by Lieut.-Commander Jerrold Kelley, U.S.N. Another book coming from the same firm is "The Farøe Islands," by Mr. J. Russell-Jeaffreson, whose narrative is principally based upon personal experiences.

Messrs. George Bell are adding to their "Bohn's Library" Leland's "Itinerary," edited by Mr. Laurence Gomme, and Gaspary's "History of Italian Literature," translated by Dr. Hermann Oelsner.

Mr. Heinemann has several noteworthy works in preparation for the present month, including Robert Louis Stevenson's posthumous novel "St. Ives"; Professor Dowden's "History of French Literature," which forms a volume in the "Literatures of the World" Series, under the editorship of Mr. Gosse; and M. Guyon's "Non-Religion of the Future." A volume of short stories by the late Mr. Crackanthorpe is also among Mr. Heinemann's forthcoming issues.

The much-discussed volume of "Savage Club Papers" is at last to see the light this month. Mr. J. E. Muddock is the editor, and a number of literary and artistic members have contributed to its pages. In addition to these papers, Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing a new novel by Miss Florence Marryat, with the title "The Blood of the Vampire."

An impartial standpoint has been adopted by Mr. John Rae in his volume "Eight Hours for Work," which Messrs. Macmillan are issuing. The various arguments for and against the intricate question are set forth in full, and actual instances given in support of them. The author comes to the conclusion that "the whole history of the eight hours' experiments seems strongly to suggest that, if masters and men both do their part aright, we can in the great run of occupations get as good a day's work done regularly in eight hours as in any other working day." A reprint of the Bible in paragraph form and in eight volumes is to be included in Messrs. Macmillan's "Eversley Series."

"Maxwell Gray" is producing three novels almost simultaneously. Besides the important work for Messrs. Blackwood, on which she has been engaged for some time, she has a short novel, entitled "Ribstone Pippins," about to be published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and a romance, "Sweethearts and Friends," by Messrs. Marshall Russell.

Mr. Paul Creswick has chosen as the plot of his new story, "The Temple of Folly," the mad career of George Bubb Dodington, the favourite of George II. Dodington is chiefly remembered as the founder of an order of Devil worshippers at Medmenham Abbey. Eleven out of the twelve members of this sect have been identified, but the remaining name has never been discovered. This fact has given Mr. Creswick an opportunity of working in his hero as the unknown person. The novel is among Mr. Fisher Unwin's early issues, together with an addition to his "Children's Study" series in the form of a volume of "Old Tales from Greece," by Miss Alice Zimmern.

A fresh insight into Elizabethan Court life will be given in the letters and diaries which have been collected under the title of "Gossip from a Muniment Room; or, Passages in the Lives of Anne and Mary Fitton." The work is being edited by Lady Newdigate, a descendant of the former lady, and the letters have been copied from the originals written to Anne Fitton by Sir Fulke Greville, Sir William Knollys and other contemporary persons of note.

Among the novels to be issued in new and cheaper editions by Messrs. Chatto & Windus are "The Suicide Club," "The Rajah's Diamonds," by R. L.

Stevenson, "The City of Refuge," by Sir Walter Besant, and "The Queen's Cup," by Mr. G. H. Henty.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers' new fiction will comprise a volume by Miss Mary E. Wilkins, entitled "Jerome"; the fifth of the "Times" series of novels, "Father and Son," by Mr. Arthur Paterson; "Maime of the Corner," by M. E. Francis; "The Son of the Czar," by James M. Graham; and "A Villain of Parts," by B. Paul Neuman.

Messrs. Longmans are bringing out a new series of selections from the poets. Wordsworth will head the list, and will be followed by Coleridge, Scott and Byron. The series will be freely illustrated, the initial volume by Mr. Alfred Parsons. Messrs. Longmans have also in hand a new novel by Mrs. L. B. Walford, entitled "Iva Kildare."

## REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

IN the "Contemporary Review"—which is an unusually dull number even for September—Mr. Harry de Windt repeats the warning to intending prospectors we have given from the beginning of the Klondike boom. Provisions in Alaska, he says, are always at famine prices, and there are times when a whole vanload of nuggets would not purchase a crust of bread. Gold mining has been carried on for years past in the Yukon Valley, Mr. de Windt tells us, and it is odd, to say the least of it, that it is only now that the place has been boomed. The most important article in the September number is, however, that by "Germanicus" on "The Revolt in South Germany." After 1870 the German Empire seemed generally consolidated, and, in spite of the deep detestation of the South Germans for the Prussians, the former were flattered for a time by the idea of being citizens of a great nation. But time has taken the gilt off the ideal, especially since the advent of William the Little, and now the South Germans are beginning to wonder whether, after all, a little freedom is not better than a great deal of glory. Their former hatred of the Prussians is rapidly reviving, and the whole movement cannot fail to weaken the cohesion of the great German Empire. This is the condition to which a feather-brained ruler has brought the legacy bequeathed to him by the first Emperor William and Prince Bismarck. It is a trifle absurd that with Italy crippled, Austria torn by internal dissensions and his own State divided against itself, the foolish youth who is at the head of the Triple Alliance should be so busy biting his thumbs at Great Britain. Mr. Mulhall contributes an article on our trade with Germany and Belgium, with regard to the recent denunciation of our commercial treaties with these two countries. His point is that, whilst the total trade of Canada with the rest of the Empire is only £20,000,000 a year, our trade with Germany and Belgium amounts to £119,000,000. This is no doubt true; but the alarmist view Mr. Mulhall takes of the facts is absurd, since the new treaties with Germany and Belgium are certain to leave our commercial relations with these two countries unaffected, whilst freeing Canada from the fetters which prevent her from instituting better trade relations with the Mother-country. Mr. H. W. Nevins tells us about the war in Epirus, of which less is known than of the campaign in Thessaly. It is Mr. Arthur Symons who provides the only valuable literary article of the number. His appreciation of Maeterlinck, both as a writer and as a mystic, is both subtle and sympathetic. Maeterlinck, he says, has in his plays "elaborated an art of sensitive, taciturn and at the same time highly ornamental simplicity, which has come nearer than any other art to being the voice of silence." It is in his book of meditations on the inner life, "Le Trésor des Humbles," that Maeterlinck most clearly reveals himself as one of "the eternal hierarchy of the mystics," and it will come with the shock of paradox to most people to hear Mr. Symons declare that "the artist who is also a mystic hates the vague with a more profound hatred than any other artist." Maeterlinck surrenders himself, we are told, more absolutely to the supreme guidance of the inner light than ever Emerson did, and has in a way systematised this surrender to an old gospel which is quietly awaiting the bankruptcy of Science and of the Positive Philosophies. The materialist man of action would no doubt be moved to profane ejaculations if he were forced to read Mr. Symons's essay, but those who can admire an acute and subtle analysis of a temperament will read it with keen interest and pleasure. The remaining articles are of the severely heavy order, with the exception of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's recollections of the House of Commons half a century ago. He tells of an interesting interview with Disraeli, to whom he talked about his books and noted the pleasure with which he listened. Disraeli, he says, was "always at heart a man of letters."

In the "Nineteenth Century" Mr. W. H. Mallock leads off with "The Buck-Jumping of Labour," in which he criticizes the engineers' strike in the light of his favourite distinction between Labour and Ability—that is to say, between actual



labour and the power to organize or to control labour. His comparison of the forces of labour to those of an animal which is able to throw its rider, but is not able, unguided, to carry out the rider's purpose, illustrates his contention that, if the labouring classes ruin their employers they will find themselves worse off than they are now, or will at the best have to submit to fresh masters. All which means, we suppose, that great undertakings require men of ability to conduct them; and this might, perhaps, have been asserted as an axiom without Mr. Mallock's twelve pages of proof. But we presume that Mr. Mallock would hardly say that a man of ability and the inheritor of the wealth of a man of ability are equivalent individuals; and here there seems a flaw in the argument which we fancy will require another article of more than twelve pages to remove. Lady Londonderry disapproves of the Workmen's Compensation Bill of last Session on the ground that it has dealt a "deadly blow" to the friendly societies, and will deprive of employment all "except able-bodied strong men in the prime of life, and, if possible, without dependents"—a sufficiently alarming forecast. Lord Brassey describes the Diamond Jubilee in Victoria, which seems to have consoled him—not inadequately, he assures us—"for separation from home and country." The article by the Marquis de Ruigny and Mr. Cranston Metcalfe on "Legitimism in England" will scarcely make many converts to Jacobitism. Mr. Leonard Courtney occupies himself with a review of the events which led up to the battle of Navarino, and excuses, if he does not defend, Canning's policy towards the Holy Alliance and the Turco-Greek question of his day. Mr. G. W. E. Russell discusses the Duke of Bedford's book on the Bedford estates, while Lady Glenesk announces her discovery, from an exhaustive study of the obituary columns of the "Morning Post," that people live rather longer than they used to live, and the announcement is appropriately followed by a disquisition by Mr. James Payn on the advantages and disadvantages of old age. Mr. Joseph Ackland adduces an alarming array of statistics in proof of the growth of our sea-ports, and Major Martin Hume contributes a graphic picture of the defeat of the Armada. From the Count de Calonne we gather that modern French society has "no pronounced vices" and apparently every one of the virtues. Hurrying through Mrs. Creyke's treatise on "Fancy Cycling" and Lady Archibald Campbell's "From Tyree to Glencoe," we come to Mr. Frederic Harrison's attempt to point the moral of Professor Morley's lecture on Machiavelli. The moral, needless to say, is humanity. Miss Edith Sellers follows with a review of the political history of Dr. Miquel, "the Kaiser's own man," and Mr. Rafiuddin Ahmad concludes a somewhat heavy number with an exposition of his views on the present crisis in India.

The "Fortnightly Review," although much more interesting, is scarcely more enlivening. Mr. William Watson, in some fine lines, once more preaches the gospel of the pantheist and the cynic.

"Best by remembering God, say some,  
We keep our high imperial lot;  
Fortune, I fear, hath oftentimes come  
When we forgot—when we forgot."

Mr. Mallock is again to the fore in an article on the "Unrecognized Essence of Democracy," which we fear will remain unrecognized in spite of his efforts to extract it. Mr. Mallock establishes to his own satisfaction that the idea of the family and the religious idea are products, or at least foster-children of democracy (Hear, O Mr. Herbert Spencer!), but that the "organized average faculties of man" can ever "govern society and advance or even maintain civilization" he contemptuously denies. These functions, it seems, belong to "exceptional men only"—whether exceptionally wise or exceptionally foolish he does not explain. Yet when these exceptional men impose a tax, "the hardship of which is obvious," the protest of the average multitude against such a tax "is a phenomenon absolutely democratic." Whence we infer that what is obvious to the "average" man is hidden to the "exceptional" man, and we marvel at the curious effect of proficiency in logical methods on a man who (if he only knew it) had the good fortune to be born without a logical mind. Ouida's "Georges Darien" is interesting in its quotations, which not only cast a lurid light on some objectionable features of the French military system, but also breathe forth in every line the impotent fury with which the unwilling conscript resents martial discipline. Mr. Gale relieves this sombre tone with a chatty and entertaining article about "Cricket, Old and New," and Miss March Phillips draws us back to serious thoughts with her picture of the condition of the "Peasants of Romagna." Those who grapple successfully with Professor Postgate's "Science of Meaning" may yet search vainly for the meaning of Lady Welby's "Royal Slave," and they will probably go on to Mr. Channing's "Commission on Agriculture," which discusses several interesting points and emphasizes the need of reform in the tenure of agricultural land. The number concludes with an anonymous critique of the foreign policy of the German Emperor. It is well written and apparently well informed, but is open to the objection that there can scarcely be two rational opinions on the subject.

The "National Review" has no article of more than ordinary interest this month. Mr. H. M. Birdwood, C.S.I., late of the Governor's Council, Bombay, writes on "The British Civilian in India," and proves satisfactorily what no one except the Indian native press ever disputes, that generally speaking the officials of the Indian Civil Service are an excellent and devoted body of public servants. The recent prosecutions of certain native papers for sedition has shown the people at home how wholly impossible it is to believe any word of these miserable prints, which can only be compared for ignorance and dishonesty with, say, Cairene native papers. Mr. Birdwood's general conclusion is that these journals represent only an infinitesimal portion of the native population. "The people at large," he says, "regard English officers in the districts as their truest friends." Mr. William E. Bear asks, "Shall agriculture perish?" and proceeds to explain that it must undoubtedly do so unless bi-metallism is adopted. Presumably there are still people who read articles on bi-metallism, but they can scarcely be numerous. The editor of the "Builder," Mr. H. H. Statham, casts a good deal of scorn on the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings. The object of the Society is quite reasonable and proper, he admits, but he believes that it has "to a great extent weakened and nullified its own influence by its own temper and behaviour, until at last every rational person fights shy of it." This is, surely, a too sweeping assertion. The Society has made some mistakes, no doubt, but it has done much good work. There is an interesting sketch of the life of Jean Bart, the great French naval hero, by Mr. A. T. Storey; Mr. Leslie Stephen chats pleasantly about Johnsoniana, though he lets off Mr. Birkbeck Hill somewhat too easily; Miss Kingsley writes with special knowledge and in her amusing style of religion and law amongst the natives of Africa; and Mr. A. H. Gilkes discusses the great and eternal question of athletics *v.* lessons in schools. The Chronicles of American and Colonial affairs are as well done as usual.

The question of Hawaii and the policy of external adventure it appears to foreshadow on the part of the United States has evidently turned the attention of the Americans to their means of offence and defence, and two writers in the "Forum" discuss the armaments of the Union. The Hon. H. A. Herbert, an ex-Secretary of the Navy, is very strongly of opinion that the American navy should be increased by the addition of at least six battleships to the Atlantic and three to the Pacific fleet, together with seventy-five torpedo-boats. His figures show that in the Pacific the United States navy would be much inferior in force to the Japanese in case of war with that nation, and Honolulu would be captured before the Atlantic fleet could get round Cape Horn. Mr. Murat Halstead takes an even more alarmist and jingo view of the question, and also treats it in a more "high-falutin'" style. He wants "all the zones" to be included in "the patrimony of our people," and to this end would have "two squadrons—one for the Atlantic and one for the Pacific—each competent to confront all enemies that might be moved to command our waters and threaten our cities by the sea." This is a large order, even for the Americans; but the two articles are significant of a new trend of thought in the United States, and they are reinforced by a third, in which the Hon. J. R. Procter strongly urges the immediate annexation of Hawaii. Professor Thomas Davidson writes on "The Supremacy of Russia," and concludes that if its government remains coarsely despotic the Empire cannot last, but if it becomes liberal it will be a blessing to the world. Mr. Brander Mathews discusses the historical novel in rather shallow fashion, and Mr. W. H. Dall, a geologist in the United States Survey, warns Klondike speculators that the average life of the placer districts in the North-West territory is not more than three years.

A painfully weak number of the "New Review" is redeemed from worthlessness by the portrait of Mr. Whistler which fitly constitutes its frontispiece, while a more than usually self-laudatory letter from a Civil Service Second Division Clerk, in which he claims to expound what he terms the "true facts," brings it to a no less appropriate close. The most readable articles are those of Mr. James Long on "Danish Competition" and C. de Thierry on "Imperialism."

#### THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

- Anti-Christ'an Crusade, The (R. P. C. Corfe). Simpkin. 1s. 6d.  
Book Buyer, The (September).  
Burdett's Hospitals and Charities (1897).  
Captivity of Perkin, The (C. Hannan). Jarrold.  
Claim of Anthony Lockhart (A. Sergeant). Hurst & Blackett.  
Clerical Life, Scenes of (G. Elliot). Blackwood.  
Daughters of the City (By the Author of "The Spirit of Love"). Roxburghe Press.  
Devil's Daughter, The (Val. Nightingale). Digby, Long.  
Dress, How to Make a (J. A. E. Wood). Methuen. 1s. 6d.  
Eastern Question, The (Karl Marx). Sonnenschein.  
English Epigrams and Epitaphs (A. Stewart). Chapman & Hall. 2s.  
Forum, The (September).  
France, Journeys through (H. Taine). Unwin. 7s. 6d.  
Furrows (Cosmo Hamilton). Digby, Long. 1s. 6d.  
Girl's Awakening, A (J. H. Crawford). Macqueen. 6s.  
Greece, Old Tales from (A. Zimmern). Unwin. 2s. 6d.  
In the Days of Good Queen Bess (R. H. Cave). Bur. s. & O'neil. 3s. 6d.  
Jetsam (Owen Hall). Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.  
Kings, The Second Book of (W. O. Burrows). Rivingtons. 1s. 6d.

Logic, Questions of (H. Holman). Clive.  
 Manchester Ship Canal. Heywood.  
 Mankind, The History of (Ratzel). Macmillan. 12s.  
 Mercure de France (September).  
 Microcosmography (John Earle). Simpkin.  
 Mistress of Elmhurst, The (Con). Roxburghe Press. 3s. 6d.  
 Mrs. Wylde (Linda Gardiner). Jarrold. 3s. 6d.  
 Naval and Military Magazine.  
 On the Knees of the Gods. 2 vols. (A. F. P. Harcourt). Bentley.  
 People of Clapton, The (G. Bartram). Unwin. 6s.  
 Poems (Matthias Barr). Barr & Co. 5s.  
 Queen's London, The (Part I.). Cassell.  
 Rivals, The (R. B. Sheridan). Dent.  
 Routledge's Date-Book. Routledge.  
 Saints, The Lives of the (Vol. 6). (S. Baring-Gould). Nimmo. 5s.  
 Steam Boilers (Geo. Halliday). Arnold. 7s. 6d.  
 Strand Magazine, The (September).  
 Strand Musical Magazine, The (September).  
 Studio Mystery, A (Frank Aubrey). Jarrold. 1s. 6d.  
 Sweet Singer, A (Hume Nisbet). White.  
 Switzerland, Social (W. H. Dawson). Chapman & Hall.  
 Sybil Fairleigh (S. Elizabeth Hall). Digby, Long.  
 Wagner, Richard (G. A. Hight). Dent. 25s.  
 When Passions Rule (Frank Hart). Digby, Long.

*The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.*

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the second ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Shareholders in the above-named Company will be held at Johannesburg on October 29, 1897, for the following business:—

- To receive and consider the Statement of Profit and Loss Account and Balance-Sheet, and the Reports of the Directors and Auditors to July 31, 1897.
- To elect Directors in the place of Messrs. Lionel Phillips, H. W. Glynn, Abe Bailey, D. H. Benjamin, F. Watkins, H. T. Glynn, and J. P. Fitzpatrick, who retire in terms of the Trust Deed, but are eligible and offer themselves for re-election.
- To appoint Auditors for the ensuing year and to fix the remuneration of the present Auditors.
- To transact any business arising out of the Directors' Report, and for any other ordinary business of the Company.

A. MOIR, London Secretary.

London Office, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.  
August 17, 1897.

## THE CROWN REEF GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED, JOHANNESBURG. DIRECTORS' MONTHLY REPORT.—JULY.

The Directors have the pleasure of submitting the following Report on the working operations of the Company for July, 1897, which shows a Total Profit of £23,159 4s. 4d.:—

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.		120 Stamp Mill and Cyanide Works. 16,179 Tons Milled.	
		EXPENDITURE.	
			Cost
To Mining Expenses	.. .. .	£12,740	3 6
" Transport "	.. .. .	217	0 9
" Milling "	.. .. .	2,353	12 3
" Cyanide "	.. .. .	2,022	13 0
" Slimes "	.. .. .	1,239	0 2
" General Charges "	.. .. .	3,023	17 0
" Mine Development "	.. .. .	835	1 3
		£22,431	7 11
" Profit for Month.. "	.. .. .	23,159	4 4
		£45,590	12 3
		REVENUE.	
			Value
By Gold Accounts—			
6,701'117 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Mill	.. .. .	£28,293	5 9
3,369'557 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Cyanide Works	.. .. .	14,126	1 3
792'496 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Slimes Works	.. .. .	3,171	5 3
10,863'170 ozs.		£45,590	12 3

The Tonnage mined for month was	.. .. .	17,943	tons
Less waste rock sorted out	.. .. .	3,344	"
Add quantity taken from stock	.. .. .	14,599	"
Milled Tonnage	.. .. .	16,179	"

The total yield per ton of fine Gold on the Milled Tonnage basis was 13 dwts. 10'289 grs.

H. R. NETHERSOLE, Secretary.

Head Office, Johannesburg, 10th August, 1897.

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Particulars of same, with Form of Tender, can be obtained at this office, on application to the undersigned, and Tenders must be sent in on or before Tuesday, the 14th day of September, 1897. The Stock will be allotted to the highest bidders, but no Tender will be accepted at a lower price than at the rate of £105 money for each £100 Debenture Stock.

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**FRANK BUSH, Secretary.**

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## SHARE CAPITAL - - - - - £150,000,

Divided into 7,500 Five per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £10 each, and 7,500 Ordinary Shares of £10 each, the whole of which will be taken by the Vendor in part payment of the purchase-money. First Mortgage Debenture Stock, £150,000. Total, £300,000.

Present Issue of £150,000 £4 per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock at £103 per Cent. (part of an authorised issue of £200,000, the balance of which—viz. £50,000—will rank *pari passu*, but will only be issued when the Company has acquired additional properties, and then only to the extent of two-thirds of the value thereof.) The Debenture Stock will be secured by a First Mortgage on the whole of the Freehold, Copyhold, and Leasehold Properties of the Company, coupled with a floating First Charge on all its assets; and will be redeemable at the option of the Company at £110 per Cent. on three months' notice expiring on or after 31 December, 1917.

The Stock is payable as follows:—On Application, £10 per £100 Stock; on Allotment, £43 per £100 Stock (including premium); on 15 October, 1897, £50 per £100 Stock. Total, £103.

Payment may be made in full on Allotment, and Interest will be allowed from the time of payment. Default in payment of any instalment will render instalments previously paid liable to forfeiture.

This Debenture Stock will be issued and be transferable in sums of not less than £10, and in multiples of that amount.

The Stock will be registered in the books of the Company, and the interest, at the rate of £4 per cent. per annum, will be payable half-yearly on the 1st day of April and the 1st day of October, the first payment being made on the 1st day of April, 1898, interest being calculated from the dates of payment of the several instalments.

**Trustees for the Debenture Stock Holders**—E. SNOW FORDHAM, Esq., J.P., D.L., Ashwell, Baldock, Herts; FREDERICK W. WIGAN, Esq., 15 Southwark Street, S.E.

**Directors**—JOHN WILLIAM GREEN, Esq., J.P. (Chairman), The Larches, Luton; CHARLES N. KIDD, Esq., J.P., Steam Brewery, Dartford; SIDNEY JOSEPH GREEN, Esq., The Brewery, Luton.

**Bankers**—Messrs. BARCLAY & CO. (Limited), 54 Lombard Street, London, E.C., Luton, and other Branches.

**Auditors**—Messrs. ALFRED THOMAS, PEYER, and MILES, 2 Adelaide Place, London Bridge, London, E.C.

**Solicitors**—Messrs. NEVE & BECK, 21 Lime Street, London, E.C., and Luton, Beds.

**Brokers**—Messrs. LINTON, CLARKE & CO., Bartholomew House, E.C.

**Secretary and Registered Office**—Mr. HUGH CUMBERLAND, The Brewery, Park Street West, Luton.

## PROSPECTUS.

The Phoenix Brewery, Luton, was established in 1857, and during the last 29 years in which it has been in the hands of Mr. J. W. Green, the present owner and vendor, it has become one of the largest and best reputed concerns in the county of Bedford.

Another very old-established Brewery in Luton, belonging to Messrs. T. Sworder & Co., having recently come into the market, Mr. Green purchased the same, and it is solely for the purpose of providing the necessary capital to complete this purchase that Mr. Green has registered under the Companies Acts, and is making the present issue of Debenture Stock. The property in question is known as the Bedford Road Brewery, Luton, and was bought at auction with wine, spirit, and aerated water businesses, and all the houses, maltings, and other property connected therewith, for ... .. £139,000

(N.B.—In addition to this sum a valuation of the plant, stock-in-trade, and book debts is to be made as on the 29th September instant.)

Since the purchase of the Bedford Road Brewery the Phoenix Brewery Estate has been surveyed by Messrs. Alfred Thomas, Peyer, and Miles, the well-known brewery valuers, &c., and without taking account of the very valuable general goodwill attaching to the business, they report, as under, that the value of the Freehold and Copyhold Properties alone, with the fixed manufacturing plant, is £85,250

The rolling and consumable stocks and book debts at both breweries will be carefully valued as on 29th September instant, but Mr. Green has covenanted that if such valuation shall not amount to £30,000, he will make up the amount in cash to that sum, and the nett value thereof may be taken, therefore, at the guaranteed minimum of ... £30,000

£254,250

The security comprises:—(a) The extensive Freehold premises known as The Phoenix Brewery, Luton, and the costly manufacturing plant. (b) The Freehold premises known as The Bedford Road Brewery, Luton, and the fixed plant therein. (c) Two Freehold Malthouses of sufficient capacity to supply the malt for the combined trades. (d) The Freehold aerated water factory and plant situate in Inkerman Street, Luton. (e) The Leasehold offices, wine and spirit stores and cellars situate in Castle Street, Luton. (f) 93 Freehold, five Copyhold, and various Leasehold Hotels, public-houses and beerhouses, and numerous dwelling-houses and parcels of land connected therewith. (g) The casks, jars and bottles, horses, drays, and all other effects and equipments of the two concerns, as well as the stocks of beer, malt, hops, wines, spirits, and other consumables, and the book and other debts. (h) The goodwill of the several businesses, the trade marks and beneficial contracts.

Subjoined is a copy of the Valuers' and Accountants' Report:—  
2 Adelaide Place, London Bridge, E.C., 24th August, 1897.  
J. W. Green, Esq., Phoenix Brewery, Luton.

Dear Sir,—We beg to certify as follows:—

1. That we represented you at the recent sale by auction of Messrs. T. Sworder & Co., Bedford Road Brewery, Luton, and acquired the property and business on your behalf (subject to a valuation of the plant, stock, book debts, and effects as on 29th September next) for ... .. £139,000
2. That we have since personally inspected the Phoenix Brewery Estate, comprising the freehold home premises and fixed plant, the freehold maltings, and freehold and copyhold licensed houses, besides various shops, cottages, and other property connected therewith (the whole being more particularly enumerated in the accompanying Schedules), and we value the same at ... .. 85,250
3. That we have provisionally estimated the value of the rolling and consumable stocks, plant, equipments, and book debts appertaining to the two concerns, upon the understanding that you guarantee the amount thereof in cash or kind at not less than ... .. 30,000

£254,250

We further beg to report that since you acquired the Phoenix Brewery, Luton, some thirty years ago, we have prepared annual accounts of your trading, and the results, which disclose steady and consistent progress, enable us to certify that the net profits of the last financial year from that business alone would have been more than sufficient to pay twice over the interest on the proposed issue of £150,000 Four per Cent. Debenture Stock without taking into account the profits of the recently purchased Bedford Road Brewery.

The amalgamation of the two concerns and the concentration of the manufacturing operations at one establishment must of necessity materially increase the profits.—Yours faithfully,

ALFRED THOMAS, PEYER, & MILES.

The combined businesses will belong to the Company as on and from the 29th day of September instant, free of all encumbrances whatsoever, and the Vendor also covenants, out of the premiums received and privately, to discharge the whole of the expenses of and incidental to the formation of the Company and the present issue of Debenture Stock.

The purchase-money has been fixed by the Vendor at the sum of £300,000, payable as to £150,000 in cash, and as to the balance by the issue to him and his nominees, as fully paid-up, of the whole of the Ordinary and Preference Share Capital of £150,000.

Powers will be reserved in the Trust Deed for the issue of a further 50,000 Four per Cent. Debenture Stock ranking *pari passu* with the present issue, if and when the Trustees are satisfied that additional properties have been acquired, providing a margin of security of at least 33 per cent. Powers will also be reserved for the sale of any part of the Company's assets, so long as the proceeds thereof are not withdrawn from the Debenture security.

Printed copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, of the Contract for Sale, and of the Draft Trust Deed for constituting and securing the Debenture Stock, and the report of Messrs. Alfred Thomas, Peyer & Miles can be inspected at the offices of the Solicitors to the Company.

Applications for Debenture Stock should be made to Messrs. Barclay and Company (Limited), at 54 Lombard Street, or at their branches at Luton and elsewhere, on the Form enclosed with Prospectus. If the whole amount applied for by any applicant be not allotted, the surplus amount paid on deposit will be appropriated towards the sum due on allotment. Where no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned in full. Failure to pay any instalment when due will render the previous payments liable to forfeiture.

Application will be made for an official quotation on the London Stock Exchange in due course.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or from its Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors, or Auditors.

11th September, 1897.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietors by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., 5 New-street Square, E.C., and Published by ALFRED CUTHBERT DAVIES at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 11 September, 1897.